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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 29, 1980

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WHO'S WHO IN CANADA'S JET SET

Anne-Marie Sten in Paris



Oil and gas are running low but CanLit thrives to keep us warm

set but equally impressive volume about Jean Drappeau by broadcast journalists Brian McKenna and Susan Parcell is an astonishing profile of Montreal's perpetual mayor. The book yields the quote of the year: Asked if he believes in Lord Acton's well-known dictum that "power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely," Drappeau ponders a bit, then replies, "That is true. But it isn't absolutely true."

The best business book of the year is *Ball of the Woods*, the autobiography of Gordon Gibson (written with Carol Bressan), which recounts with appropriate gusto how the B.C. logger became a multimillionaire at 48. His comic encounters with a bafled IRS, cabot ministers on the take and fly-by-night competitors portray Gibson as he is: a capitalist on the hoof, proud of his calling and damned if he isn't going to acquire the last drop of fun out of every living day.

The most unusual first novel is Ron Graham's *Nightshade and Crows*. Marked by bold bursts of metaphors ("the stars looked down like dispassionate judges"), it's a verbal merry-go-round in the manner, if not the complexity, of *Pinnagoose* Wade. Unmistakably a murder mystery, the book parodies all things Canadian. As the unlikely murderer aptly confesses in his goofy denouement: "One cannot be too paranoid these days."

An appropriate enough epitaph for 1990

Maclean's

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An instinct for the potholes

They did it to the father — now to the son?

By Thomas Hopkins

Few blazes with a new Mexican tan, B.C. Premier Bill Bennett recently allowed that the press isn't the reason his programs were meeting with bone-rattling opposition, it is him — he's not getting the message across, and he resolved to do better. Perhaps it would be nice to be charitable, to argue that Bennett's government is generally made up of well-meaning men and women doing their country's former best job in the past year the government of British Columbia has come to be seen as a blunt instrument. In a reveal of the Midean touch, everything, it seems, the Social Credit touches turns to steaming bull flop, leaving former star premier Dave ("Pat 'n' Dave") Barrett to practice soapbox speeches in his mirror.

Regardless of Bennett's sales job, the Social Crediters have succeeded in causing confusion. Early in December, Municipal Affairs Minister Bill Vander Zalm informed the mayor of Vancouver, the Greater Vancouver Regional District and the federal government by announcing their purchase of an Ontario high-speed transit system for Vancouver — before any of the others had made up their minds on the deal. The same week the provincial government, which last year had barely dismissed the tabby Victoria-Seattle cruise ship Princess Margaret as unfit for ocean and lakes, and it had been ill-informed and awe would left it. The frustrated session of the legislature that ended Dec. 18, ended abruptly while Bennett was on vacation, but even cabinet ministers shrugging in disavowment about its significance. As it turned out, its putative purpose was to wing to Ottawa a unanimous B.C. objection to unilateral patriation, on the occasion of the early December end of the special parliamentary committee of the constitution. The play rebounded embarrassingly when the minister's life was extended by two men in the end when the provincial vote refused to endorse the Bennett motion. Other pillars, such as the huge rise in government auto insurance rates to B.C. seniors (the Socials subsequently backed off), the money take-over by the Bennettized B.C. Resources Investment Corp. (BROIC) of Kaiser Resources Ltd. and SOBC's resultant declining market value, have even Social supporters shaking their heads. Recently, recent polls place the Socials at least 10 points behind the pasting vote.

These disgruntled the Socials mainly point to Bennett's increasing isolation. The rudimentary staff he gathered after victory in 1975 was reduced by last year's "dirty tricks" scandal and elsewhere. Despite the recent addition of a former mass executive assistant, it has remained largely unopposed, leaving Bennett with little organized system of access for special-interest groups, officials or backbenchers. The other major culprit is lack of government

organization. Ironically, the socialist Bennett ousted five years ago the month was lousy planners, and Social Credit would it would be different, but even that has gone awry. Witness the recent embarrassing ignorance on the part of the provincial environment minister about a provocative U.S. oil super-tanker out of the B.C. coast while his energy minister colleague sat out on the information. Even the civil service has become demoralized, the bright young things have fled or been forced out, leaving behind confusion, blunders and meagreish momentum. It is increasingly a socialist government, made worse by the fact that under-barrel day-by-day politics is second — when Socials talk to their pillars at night — as a virtue.

It's B.C. popular, and it might have been fine in another age, perhaps with Will Rogers at the helm, but in the 1980s it appears to lead from one head in a swamp hole to another.



Barrett rehearsing acceptance speeches

Across the floor of the B.C. House, Dave Barrett, only five seats away from vindication, watches like a big daddy slowly rocking on his front porch. His troops have recently elected new Vancouver Mayor Mike Harcourt, overthrowing the Social-backed incumbent. He has taken the Trades-representing high road on the constitutional debate in contrast to Bennett's strident Ottawa-bashing. Barrett and his shadow cabinet have also been holding quiet meetings with B.C. business leaders, and it is a testament to the Social Credit machine that it is almost universally accepted Barrett will form the next government.

But it is a bloodless form of opposition. Gone is the fire and the conviction of black-fronted Rosemary Brown, in honor of the day if successful women of the west.

The single most potentially explosive element in the frustrating board game of B.C. politics, however, is the would-be rebirth of the B.C. provincial Tories under new leader Brian Westwood, a talented, first-third Surrey florist. Traditionally, Tory and Liberal votes in B.C. have divided into Social support (British party currently holds a seat). Yet, despite some alarmingly right-wing followers, Westwood says he is prepared to play the happy saboteur of Social Credit.

But if Bill Bennett doesn't appear unduly rattled by speculation about the fate of his leadership, it is because he has at least two years of his mandate left in which to improve his smile and not the Social from night. And, in Port Louis on the Pacific, that is a very long time indeed. Despite that, he must have felt a chill recently when 3,080 B.C. teachers, protesting the limited reducing of their pensions, paraded through downtown Vancouver. These are the teachers who were instrumental in the 1975 crowning of W.A.C. Bennett by Dave Barrett, and they slogan this year read, "We did it to the father, we can do it to the son."

Thomas Hopkins is Maclean's B.C. bureau chief



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Confessions of a TV addict

'We huddle around television as if it were the ancestral fire'

By Brian Borealis

As a rock 'n' roll musician on the road, I am exposed to unusually high levels of contamination from a variety of debris, but I have yet to find anything as effective as debilitating as the radiation emitted by a single tube equatorial plane of a TV that is always on. You arrive in town, crawl out of the hotel truck, check out the stage, check into the hotel and during the TV hours on. Whether you're in the shower, reading a magazine, coming in or going out, it's on. If you didn't turn it on, someone else did.

While the unlikely trinity of sex/drama/rock 'n' roll television serves as our electronic maleness. She waits in the wings, ready to cool the room's heat and furnish the audience with another forgettable experience. We don't watch the tube so much as baffle in its aura, but even when we're not staring at the tube, we're in a periodic and of respect, as if it were someone else in the room. The glow fills a space, provides a sense of continuity and is an ongoing artifact. Give us this day our daily pigment.

Now I know this is 1980, not 1960, and we're all too aware of the harmful effects of TV. We know it turns out besides to debilitate and offers up enough sex and violence to transform the average child into a psychopath before he hits puberty. Yet, we keep watching it because TV is, after all, an anticipated gain. And we never know, something might come out of this world's worst man.

One night, at an out-of-town gig, playing for Zimo, the controversial program eating Vanessa Redgrave as a Jewish matron in a Nazi death camp, was on between sets. Our bass player (Artie Al Aronson) kept changing the channel because he found the material unsuitable for consumption on a Jewish television, he was right. This kind of gut-wrenching drama violates the principle of visibility on which the integrity of television is based. — It is not called a vacuum tube for nothing.

Of course, there are farces, even within television, that are pretending to undermine the tube's sacred function as a medium seeking numbness. Recently I was horrified to see a commercial for a TV manufacturer argue that "television should be more than an electronic tranquillizer." A TV screen looks like view and flashes scenes from a costume drama and a football game (presumably theatre and sports are pharmacologically valid cultural stimuli—spurs, not downers). Then the screenwriter, with the kind of rare generosity reserved for documentation about the Leavitts, makes the apocryphal claim that an TV set is "a work of art." This same machine that is capable of altering such phrases as "hundreds of original oil paintings" as unreasonably low prices at Galleries's Travels Motor Hotel in Hamilton.

The TV ad is especially despicable. While doing everything to portray this one-and-only tube type as some sort of majestic mother-god, a divine item of optical upholstery, Value Vizio tries to reassure us remaining profit and security we may have by reassuring us that this TV is not a tranquillizer but an art object. It's like insisting the only and super computer name about the joys of lighting pollution. The search for the Perfect Picture is a right toxic one.

Television is our first true robot, a machine with a human likeness. It has an adjustable complexion and glows in the dark. We huddle around it as if it were the ancestral fire, changing channels, a modern form of smoking.

It is the first machine to successfully compete with religion and magic. There's a poignant example in the Latin American film *Ray the Blue Bird*. We see Indians in a bar on the Amazon frontier transfixed by a color screen showing only a test pattern.

There's a French expression, *river en couleur*, that literally translates as *drawing in color* and is used to describe pie-in-the-sky thinking—dreaming beyond our means. During the '50s when I was a child and very few people owned color TVs, I remember having a recurring dream that by some miracle our black-and-white set at home was suddenly broadcasting in living color. Like the Brazilian Indians, I was awoken. Those dreams must have been reactions from the spirit of the Great Peacock, the tri-fringe electric phoenix rising from the ashes of that ancestral fire.

Now that the Peacock has gone the way of the Edsel, I can stop up late with the real thing right in front of me. I can watch helplessly while Ronald Reagan's victory turns NBC's election map a brilliant shade of blue and David Brokensky (against) compares it to "a big lobster swimming pool." The same night, I can watch a proliferation Jean-Paul Gaultier play Richard Gere. We're in my TV. It's my home alone, where all the political and sex my people meet.

My screen crawls with down-bowed faces and unattracted ideas. It's like a vast expanse of ideas—millions of impoverished ideas that have no idea where they came from and no higher function than to irritate.

And late at night, when the time is turned off, it turns on you. I lie awake and wonder: Just where does all the televised group go? Is it bodged away? Is my vision of the unconscious turning into a dogged sewer of colored patches, visions of psychic enzymes blowing themselves like as they try to break down the screen's chemical sunlight? What is the radioactive half-life of a comment? — How long does it take the brain to digest of video waste? — I mean, does this stuff ever come off?

Brian Borealis plays percussion with the Toronto-based rock 'n' roll band, The Nukes.



Both hands on the dials of Canadian culture

Helping Canada find a Canadian way to express itself



By Ian Anderson

A shiny grey cycling helmet perched inconspicuously on his government-state, 30-inch television set. The slight, white-haired, 45-year-old Meisel has been here since eight this morning, the *warrior's* first stories he dished. "I was certainly content enough then," John Meisel muses, reflecting his first television month in one of the nation's television, a podium he seldom watched before, and when he did, with academic distance. He takes now of these "mind-blowingly important issues" he finds as chairman of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC). Meisel has forsaken the pastoral splendor and contemplative life of Queen's University to take over the levers of the state-making machinery. The man who still irritates irrationally "the disruption of television advertising" has given up bird-watching and tutoring the cream of Ontario's political science students. To his has gone the task of beating and expelling Canadian commentators on politics, not out of the 37th-and out of the site. Vice Meisel's least favorite role decisions will determine how Canadians will communicate with each other in the future, whether satellite and on-

Meisel: deciding how Canadians will communicate in the future

lines will lead the nation together in deeper regional prejudices, whether a Canadian "culture" will take root or die in a corner of American movies, sport and situation comedies. The latter prospect is particularly distasteful to Meisel, since he believes words and images can make a difference, that a nation's culture can be healed if the regional can make themselves heard and understood at the centre. His interpreters his job as helping Canada find a Canadian way to express itself, before Canadians forget what Canada ever meant.

It is hard to picture John Meisel as a modern-day J. Edgar Hoover presiding over prohibitions, or a George F. Porter over the Barren Tea Party. By nature he is not a builder of walls. He views the CRTC as a "kind of sympathetic neighborhood cop," patrolling the streets and controlling its scamps, the broadcasters and phone companies. But times don't permit that role yet. Never has the CRTC been so hopelessly bogged down as when Meisel took over one year ago. Not that most of his problems was the resignation of a weary sea of the nine commissioners over the past 24 months, all before their seven-year terms expired. While Meisel spent 14-hour days

hearing the ropes, the commission languished, even as the technology of the business advanced at a frightening pace. There are now in Canada some 1,200 dual-covers paying pay-TV or U.S. satellite, but none have been presented in Ontario and Quebec, illicit "decipherable" kits are advertised in newspapers for pirating cross-border pay-TV signals from American pay-TV boards. One store in Windsor, Ont., estimates there are 1,000 decipherers in that city. In Ontario, businessman John Ryan has sold five "dishes" in the past two months since he started Cogstar Satellite Terminals Ltd. He advertises in the local TV guide.

John Meisel is passionately Canadian. After he took the CRTC job he explained he would something to the history that adopted him and his Czech parents in 1960, that educated him and gave him work and prominence. For more than 20 years he probed the political impulses of his new home in English and in French, analyzing its social and political differences. The nation, he concluded, is still searching for an identity. "We tend to age American forms," he explains. "We are too quick to adopt to what they have done and accept their standards as our standards, their styles as our styles." In his more broken days as an academic, he searched the CRTC as a "moment to our responsible commercialism." And he concluded that "progressively and ultimately acclimated to commercialism" is in part a consequence of our technological nationalism. Effective resistance to foreign domination is therefore unlikely without a clearer definition of ourselves.

Now in the broadcasting industry would argue with his analysis. They do question what can be done so late in the game and without leadership from a passive federal government absorbed with other priorities. Ernest Baskin, president of the 48-member Canadian Association of Broadcasters, an industry lobby group, estimates the CRTC has about five years of work on its plate now, with more to come. "We're in a bit of a bind," he says. "We're saying 'How are people going to cope with it?' How in the slow and deliberate regulatory process going to deal with it? And how much time do you have? That's John Meisel's biggest problem."

The CRTC's crisis lies in little changed in two years. Broadcasters are needed quickly on the extension of Canadian television channels to remote areas by satellite, definitions of Canadian content, a second CRTC channel devoted to top-quality Canadian programming, protection of a weary sea of the nine commissioners over the past 24 months, all before their seven-year terms expired. While Meisel spent 14-hour days



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And Bell Canada's demand to reject its rate structure so telephone can be billed according to usage. These are the major decisions. In addition, the circuiters its annual hearings on some 2,000 license applications and renewals. And the regulatory rat's nest goes even more tangled with the provisions, filed of waiting, simply take Saskatchewan's head and wire control of pay-TV? Can the broadcasters and cable operators survive the flood of international program competition if every home gets a satellite dish? And if cable companies get into programming to protect themselves, will that fragment the advertising market too severely to support anyone?

Royal's satellite dishes, bought in the U.S. for \$7,000 to \$10,000. The three-metre dishes grab a free watt signal from the 100,000 "1" and "2" stations, 2,700 km above the equator. Then satellite houses 20 channels continuously from a New York transmitter to a host of American cable companies which redistribute them to their wiring to subscribers who pay by the channel. There is more danger here to cultural sovereignty. But Satellite 1 is just the beginning. Japan is now experimenting with a more powerful bird whose beam can be grabbed by a customer cableable dish costing about \$400 for a black-and-white television and \$1,000 for a color picture. France, West Germany, Italy and the Scandinavian countries, among others, also have plans to launch their "direct broadcast satellites" within three years. What the dish owner gets are TV stations in Adelaide, New York, Chicago and San Francisco; a 24-hour sports channel, a 24-hour news channel, a 24-hour movie channel, a channel devoted to vocational training, with an emergency live channel that provide first-aid services, rock concerts and live Las Vegas shows, one channel that covers the U.S. Congress.

Also available in Canada's Arab 11 satellite, which carries the CBC schedule to legal government dishes in the far-flung communities of the North. It can be less than fulfilling. Testing it one afternoon, a government minister tuned in Arab and got—not Canadian content but a U.S. soap opera, *The World Turns*. In open defiance of Ottawa, illegal dishes dot northern and mountain towns cut off from cable television. Communications Minister Francis Fox has yet to close down a remote dish, perhaps agreeing with Roy when he asks, "Does the government really believe that everyone who watches TV at two in the afternoon really wants to watch soap opera?"

John Meisel is not a Canadian who doesn't want to watch them. "I tend to watch everything, unfortunately," he complains. "I have to keep up with what's on. I certainly don't enjoy it all, however." Meisel's solution is to improve the quality of Canadian programming. "So they can compete with those from other countries." For that achievement alone he would like to be remembered. But it's not as simple as waving a wand. U.S. networks spent about \$4 billion last year to buy or make television shows. As a CBC convention studying pay-TV this year noted, that sum is "seven or eight times as much as the CBC has for the entire operations of national radio and television services in two languages." The convention recommended that at least \$100 million a year must go into Canadian programming if it is "ever to become effectively competitive." One prime source of cash would be pay-TV, the lastest of which the CBC will rule as next year—the prize after it was termed "inevitable" in the three-revenue decisions in 1980, Justice Royce.

The argument now is more over who will control pay-TV—and reap the enormous profits—than the volume of its sales. The broadcasters are terrified that the cable operators, should they gain access to pay-TV, will move into direct competition as program creators rather than mere distributors. Lead chairman as "Pavlovian" what he terms the broadcasters' belief that "everything the cable operators do is wrong and harmful." But the delay of pay-TV is getting ahead for the major cable operators. Earlier into the game than their American counterparts, Canadian cable companies are now serving 1.5 million U.S. homes. Last estimates his company offers its American subscribers between three and five times more channels and services than it offers Canadians. The difference is the pay-TV terminal. "That unlocks the great light for discretionary viewing," Land says. "Thus you can have special children's programs, special senior citizen programs, special anything. These can be sold through one terminal in the home. You can separate out what you want. But the CBC has to approve it or we'll sell with only the basic service programming, which isn't very exciting. There's an incentive to add more services. It would just knock you out to see what we offer in our new Portland [the system]."

The sickly cable operators recognize that Meisel selected these problems. The broadcasters had done little to encourage independent producers. Canadian programs were treated, in the words of one former cable commissionee, as "the cost of doing business rather than a way to make money." In the prime evening time slots, 70 per cent of the entertainment shown watched by Canadians are foreign. Meisel recognizes a danger here. He warns Canada in the "seemingly-alien" manner of the man who brought love to Ottawa during the Tory interregnum, Joe Clark. There is no reason, Meisel

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salinity, why "all Ontario has to view the world is the way Toronto does." Regional differences must be preserved to enrich the whole. "Alberta has something to teach Ontario. The world is a more interesting place if people retain their differences, if they don't come from a particular mould."

Meisel's life as a teacher—and he was by all accounts an excellent one—was filled in him the belief that ideas matter because you can "give a shiner for something to bruise and grow that's already there." Since broadcasters are human they, in Meisel's view, are like most people and "prefer to do the right thing rather than the wrong thing." Persuasion, for the moment, is how he will try to improve their Canadian and grumbling. He has a lot of persuading to do. After all, this is a man whose favorite TV shows are dance ("There's no little of it"), the Public Broadcasting System in the U.S. ("A lot of good stuff") and current affairs. He is conversant with people who, like their American counterparts, have tended to program for "Billy and Mary Sit-back," that mythical duo, favourite of the ad-men, who watch six hours of TV a day and are open to a small sales pitch. Asked how he might do it, Lindgren (former of Canadian shows), Meisel suggested using television to promote public affairs "through the use of dramas, dance, a mixed-media way of teaching political science." So much for Billy and Mary.

The question still lingers after a year just how far Meisel will go. No one expects him to be a guru. He is considered somewhat vain and thin-skinned by the business, and, accordingly, his threat to lead has played a role in his loss of power. For the industry, power is everything—and Meisel has it. CBC decisions are final, the media may rule only as whether the examination resembled its authority. Meisel's character is "a very gentle type of person but I think I'm very angry." He will have to be in order to pursue his goals. He is, after all, the man who told us "the Americanization of Canada is more subtle than the country's real identity, a distinct value system and must be stopped. To this end, the unforgiving police franchise has quickly discovered how to focus the industry's attention on those matters dear to him. "It would surprise me so much," he says, "if we didn't wind up with a board of directors who are prepared to do the worst for Canadian production." In broadcasting, that's like the promise of a kiss from your girlfriend. Next year Canadians will find out whether he means it, or their intelligence. Any time that seems actually involving on they were at least thinking about it. So we were always thrown into a defensive position.

Q & A: JUNE CALL WOOD

Repression of speech—Canada's real tradition



"The country hasn't much chance unless somebody bombs us"

Why did most Canadians support the War Measures Act in 1939? Why are they content to live with restrictions on their civil liberties? Such questions have been the business of June Callwood for far longer than her 16 years as president of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association. She has been a journalist for more than 20 years, author, broadcaster and social activist on behalf of women, young people and prisoners and social civil liberties. Shortly after the October Crisis of 1970, she was commissioned to write a popular history of Canada, which will be published by Doubleday in the spring. A Portrait of Canada, which examines the psychology and civil evolution of Canadians, will shed new light on the questions of civil rights in this country. Callwood discussed her *Portrait* with Toronto free-lance writer Terry Posidon.

Meisel: Your book examines how Canadians were able to accept the suspension of the War Measures Act of 1939 without serious objection. Why weren't there more in the streets?

Callwood: Well, the Americans would have reacted. We not only look at lying down but loved it because we're a very different people. They're the revolution, we developed as a country in reaction to their intelligence. Any time that seems actually involving on they were at least thinking about it. So we were always thrown into a defensive position.

We never had the chance to examine these aspects of the American culture that stand for the principles we stand for—democracy, freedom of the individual—because that's what the U.S. was doing and it was the enemy. So they reinforced our conservatism and our passion for the old values. **Meisel:** What were the old values you say?

Callwood: One could say that this original sin here was not just but disapproval. There's a kind of complacency in the Canadian nature which comes from our garrison mentality. In Marshall Fry's genius, please. He reminds that we are in a sort, we're well-protected and we don't have to worry about what our orders are, salute and go about our business. And if the commanding officer doesn't want to tell us what he's about, it's okay with us. I'm also a supporter of Margaret Atwood's theory that for Canada the supreme victory is survival. Just to get through a disaster, not to rise above it, is plenty for us. We're full of Americans and other immigrants, but what we've attracted are the conservatives—people who want the old values. So we have safety, clean streets, order. But we love up entrepreneurs. We gave up the instinct to be angry at the abuse of our rights.

Meisel: How do you feel our rights have been abused?

Callwood: In its whole history, the Canadian Civil Liberties Association has



Mamadou Sow: Six years old. **Famously lives in a mud hut—sleeps on the dirt floor. No running water. No electricity. Not even basic sanitary facilities.**

Mamadou is hungry every day



monthly income. Rice, potatoes, a rare treat of fish are all they can afford to fill empty tummies—food that is starchy, but devoid of nutrition. So Mamadou remains hungry—and hunger hurts. The lack in his eyes reminds his parents, but there is absolutely nothing they can do—nothing but hear his suffering with their own.

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Facts About FOSTER PARENTS PLAN

What is Foster Parents Plan? PLAN is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political social service agency. Our goal is to help children their families and communities overseas to help themselves. Through social welfare, health, education and community development programs, PLAN avoids long-term dependency and hopes, in time, to enable the society to assume a greater responsibility for its own people.

What does involvement in Foster Parents Plan mean? By helping a child through PLAN, you experience a warm feeling of fulfillment that rarely can be equaled. Your help will be extended to each member of the child's family and beyond—to the community in which he lives. In return, you will receive a case history and picture view of Foster Child and Family, regular correspondence from them, and from the PLAN Director in their country, and an annual progress report and updated pictures.

How does Foster Parents Plan promote self-reliance? When a needy family becomes a Foster Family, they immediately begin to work toward a brighter future. Together with our social workers, they set a number of goals which will help make them self-sufficient. This is called their "Family Development Plan" and each year they set goals and work toward them—goals mutually agreed upon as important. The aim is that within a specified period of time, the family will have reached a sufficient level of self-reliance to be able to support our part. We watch where your money goes—and we know it helps.

How are donations used? 89.3% of Foster Parents Plan's total income goes directly toward our overseas programs and provides material aid and services to needy Foster Families, including counselling, education, medical and dental care, education and much, much more.

How does Foster Parents Plan help the community? We endeavour to get community leaders to determine what their needs are before we establish a part of action with them. The community must participate in the plan, and provide the labour while PLAN supplies the materials to meet their goals. Consumer co-operative stores are set up, youth and study centres established, dormitories built, health centres, post offices and pig-raising projects are begun—and these are but a few examples.

only was one case—and it's being suppressed. It reminds me that the attitude of our Supreme Court puts us slightly to the right of Vlad the Impaler. But in the past few years, they've ended our right to be silent when arrested, upheld a municipality's right to forbid demonstrations that might lead to "harmful" and allowed illegally obtained evidence to be used against them. Their attitude generates a mounting resentment for the intimidation of writers, broadcasters, all kinds of journalists. It's very reactionary and it's nourished by acceptance at the bottom. We always talk about our traditional freedom of speech. But actually, through our history, anybody who demonstrated convictions about freedom of speech that are contrary to the established views is usually put in prison. So our tradition is really repression of speech.



'An attitude slightly to the right of Vlad the Impaler'

Maclean's: In that regard, what are the implications of the *Joe Adams* case for Canadian writer now for hire in a work of fiction?

Calwood: Any time somebody stands over a writer's shoulder invisibly and watches what's going down on the paper, it's not just a limitation on imagination but a dangerous thing for us all—especially when the repression is aimed at controlling our political ideas. And the whole thing's a damned process. If publishers and insurance companies are scared, it will be very difficult to publish anything that goes all class to real events, and we'll all suffer. Our society is already dominated by very secretive governments which reflexively, compulsively and habitually hide what they do. So the process of getting the truth out to the public is under a shadow. If people who trust journalists see that even nonfats can be forced to identify their sources or risk going to jail, how are they going to feel about revealing things like where industrial

waste is being dumped? So the sources are going to dry up, as the information outlets have already. It's becoming a society in which one person can very easily rule.

Maclean's: Why is the public so careless of its right to know?

Calwood: We've always felt that other people know better. That we are well taken care of, that our society is well managed and that we don't need to know any more than we do. We have an attitude that we're nicer than most people, that our government isn't exploitive and that life is mostly fair. Any attempt to say that it isn't that way, that there's an awful lot of unpleasantness and injustice and hangover is resisted because it conflicts with the mythology and the sense of comfort we get from the mythology.

Maclean's: Is it our complacency that has led to the current sorry state?

Calwood: There is nothing in this coun-

try to encourage staying together, except in Ontario. And Ontario's behaviour as it always does, thinking, in its conservatism that it's the whole country. But there has never been anybody who's formulated an idea of Canada. We never bought Sir John A.'s—it was only a way to build a railroad and make money for most of his railroad. So the only time we really pull together is in a disaster, like war or when people are trapped at the bottom of a mine shaft.

Maclean's: As a civil libertarian, how do you feel about the charter of rights proposed by the prime minister?

Calwood: As he sees it, if he doesn't have a charter of rights we'll never get one, because most of the provincial governments are extremely right wing and lacking in protection for the individual. They have human rights commissions without teeth or any intention of chewing, and weak legislation behind it. But the one Trudeau wants is also totally toothless and I think it's dangerous. No one understands the implications of what he's doing. We're just beginning to sort through all the claims and some of them, especially clause 1, is laughable.

Maclean's: What worries you about clause 2?

Calwood: Clause 3 says that you have all your freedoms as long as there is "general acceptance" of what these freedoms are in a democratic system. But the laws of our country don't give us any. And the general acceptance part means that any kind of public feeling can be considered valid. If you want to enjoy 30,000 cigarettes in what B.C. or bring in the War Museum Act, you can do it and there's no appeal. It's a joke. It's the opposite of entrenched rights.

Maclean's: Can you think of anything that would make us up short of a bad smell despite the fact that we're?

Calwood: Tyranny from within was the only one—that's always been a big bad here. We just haven't realized. I'm not sure we can and I think how we're in a real trouble. The country hasn't much chance of survival unless somebody will do on the great favor of bombing us. In which case, by lord, we'll show them a thing or two. But short of that, I think we might be ripe for a hero. Canadians are fond of demagogues. That's what Trudeau represents—somebody who gives you a larger idea of yourself. We thought, "My goodness, aren't we splendid. We can do backlogs off model diving boards." And that gave us the feeling that we were pretty marvelous. So a kind of splendid Canadian right now with charisma and egotism might be able to speak to Canadians in a different way so they feel they were ready for "any" in a tired voice—some aspirations. But I can't see who it would be. ☐

LETTERS

A global concern

I congratulate you on your article *The Global Struggle for Human Rights* (Cover, Nov. 28), and in particular its focus on the individual victims of human rights abuse. One other has cry in fact, besides the ethical ideological views and geopolitical considerations. Canadians are often long on concern but short on action in this area. It is the moral obligation of all to ensure that our foreign policy always seeks to promote the principles of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and to participate in those congressional organizations that offer effective and practical ways to express our concern for those who suffer from racial, religious or political intolerance.

—BOB BERTHOUD

President, Amnesty International, Gloucestre

We wish to express our appreciation of the attention your magazine has been showing lately to the abuses of human rights all over the world, specifically in South America. We are outraged at the involvement of Canadian banks and businesses in repressive governments. It is intolerable to us that our brothers and sisters and their children in these countries must live under domination of fear, cruelty and torture.

—HAROLD BERENDSEN, ROSEMOUNT PARK, Winnipeg

A heartless slip of the pen

Pity poor Jenny Carter. Not only did he leave the election to her, but he was also a national war map (Winnipeg's *Winnipeg Free Press*, Nov. 17) took Miss Carter and even George away from him. Have you so heart?

—GERALD R. DYER, Belleville, Ont.

A memorial of courage

I wish to thank Maclean's and Peter C. Newman in particular for the afterlife obituary rendered the late Judy LaMarsh (Judy LaMarsh the Golden Girl, Canada, Nov. 18). As was so ably said, she was a Canadian's Canadian, a lady of stature and someone to be proud of. Her courage and cheerfulness in her cruel illness was an example to us all.

—JAN KOSKIE, Regina

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and must correspond to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 161 Denison Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A7.



Male deadliness in El Salvador: Canadians often long on concern, short on action

Accord on accuracy

Though it is not for me, as author, to challenge the justice of Barbara Amiel's review of *The World of Canadian Writing* and *A George Woodcock Reader*, I at least have the privilege of challenging her accuracy (*How Many Books Can a Woodcock Pen?*, Books, Oct. 28). She says that I give my "thoughts on Burma, Afghanistan" and that is impossible, since I have been in neither country. My "thoughts" were on Cayman and Bahamas, where I have been. Again, Amiel accuses me of relieving "Margaret Laurence as a contemporary Tolstoy or David Watsoough as Frost." How could I? No writer can be another writer. What I did claim was that Laurence had similar aims in giving form and form to Canadian history so Tolstoy in giving fictional form to Russian history, and that Watsoough

used similar devices to Proust's. At no time did I say that either of the Canadian writers was the equal of Tolstoy or Proust. I do not think the business of a critic is to make comparisons of stature among writers. —GEORGE WOODCOCK, Vancouver

A cheap imitation

In your article *Five Men With Out a Single Face* (Canada, Dec. 1) on the front cover of *Winnipeg Free Press*, I do not think the business of a critic is to make comparisons of stature among writers. —GEORGE WOODCOCK, Vancouver

—H. L. LAFFAMBERG, Ottawa

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Canadian writer paints Maclean's 1970: Americans would have rioted

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CANADA

Winter rerun for the economy

The only change in the Canadian economic dilemma is the party in power

By Ian Anderson

As interest rates hit a record high last week and the dollar a 47-cent low, Pierre Trudeau journeyed to Toronto to rub elbows with stars Jack Lemmon and Colleen Dewhurst and take in the premiere of the movie *Travis*. "There are now many Canadian films," Trudeau opined. "But there aren't too many good ones, are there?" Back in Ottawa it seemed as if some banking proposition was applying the same sorry reel the nation squirmed through exactly a year ago. Only this time it was the Tories in opposition demanding the Trudeau Liberals do something, anything, to save a sinking economy. The scare of Joe



Clark's name knew no bounds in retelling episodes of men issued little fiery speeches in a 20-hour debate club carried through Tuesday night. Clark's fire ("Forward! Answer the question, forward!" he shouted at Finance Minister Allan Rock) could be understood in the context that he fell from clerical grace and Liberal assurance for a scandal over his own romance. It's thus belied not only the Clark government but possibly Clark's own political career. And now it was almost Trudeau's last move to offer the citizen that Clark a year ago. "I don't think there is a strategy," cracked an ex-Toronto Liberal back-bencher last week. "Things are going to get a lot worse before they get better."

For all the Sterns and Dings the debate ended in plenty of time for men to



Mackenzie party and Boushy focused in to U.S. interest rate spiral

cast out of Ottawa early Friday night before the threatened strike by Air Canada flight attendants. (It was averted.) Canadians must ask if the economy won't rather like sailing out the fire department to watch the church burn down. Inflation was reported by Statistics Canada last week to be running at 11.2 per cent annually, the highest level since 1975 before wage and price controls were imposed. No one sees any major drop for some years to come. The price of the Christmas turkey on the nation's tables this week is triple what it was in 1971. Heating oil has quadrupled. On average, the 1971 food dollar is worth 98 cents in grocery stores this Christmas. Food costs this year alone rose a whopping 33.8 per cent, StatsCan said. The Economic Council of Canada this month slapped the government for "indiscretion and the increased uncertainty surrounding domestic policy on several important issues." It offered no solution but predicted that, if the economy is to recover, Canadians

must accept a three-per-cent drop in average income. About the same time, Trudeau suggested citizens "may switch their priorities and spend a bit more on food than other things." StatsCan reports this has been going on since mid-1977, when the rise in average wages in the manufacturing sector began lagged behind the inflation rate. "He's really out of touch with the people," said Margyone Harding, head of the National Anti-Poverty Organization. "He doesn't realize people have to eat everything to begin with."

To jolly things up, the beleaguered governor of the Bank of Canada, Gerald Boushy, reminded reporters last week there has been "no significant increase" in industrial productivity in recent years. "Of course, it is what produces the increase in the standard of living," Boushy lectured. In fact, the nation's output will shrink slightly this year, after a little Christmas cheer to the 387,000 Canadians on unemployment insurance, the 180,000 on welfare or the three million living below the poverty line.

In his comeback election campaign, Trudeau insisted interest rates could be lowered by administering the economy "in a sounder way" than the Tories

Macleans
vol. 10, no. 12



Geir Gemelli (left), Lemkau, Trudeau and Katherine Roberts, wrong reel for the Canadian economic scene

had. As late as Dec. 1986 and Macfichien were suggesting Canadian interest rates could be independent of those in the U.S., which hit a record 11.5 per cent last week. Macfichien later changed his tune and Bossey bleakly concurred. "We haven't got any good choices open to us."

Nothing has really changed since



Clark got bounced last December. When Canadian interest rates fell out of line with those in the U.S., the dollar drops, investors large and small sell Canadian stocks and buy American ones. By raising rates, the Bank of Canada can quickly repair the damage, as it did last week to pull the dollar from under 63 cents U.S. to nearly 84 cents. "The country's over a barrel," says Thomas Maxwell, chief economist for the Conference Board in Canada, a respected economic

forecasting group. Macfichien can breathe life into the economy by keeping interest rates high, as the U.S. is doing. Or he can lower the rate, letting the dollar drop, and watch inflation rise as the money pays more for its imports. "In either case the interest loss is the same," says Maxwell. "The only choice is how you take the medicine." And the choice now is the same taken by the Tories last December: fight inflation now rather than later.

Any Canadian sitting down to Christmas turkey (thinking this is a nation of Tux-Turks) can take heart from the long-term views of most economists that the dollar is fundamentally strong. Less cheerful is Bossey's advice to winter-weary Canadians on how they can help the buck. "Stay home, don't go to Florida," so Pierre Trudeau told his victory party last Feb. 18, "Welcome to the 1980s." Maybe the nation does need better scriptwriters.

With film from Robert Lemkau and Katherine Roberts

Edwardian tales on the Hill

I had all been so gentle. It was the nation's most prestigious club—382 members of Parliament, 194 senators, served by 3,672 staff who polished the brass in their elevators, served those sumptuous meals for \$2.75 each published their every word. It was an Edwardian life: the grandeur of Ottawa, Governors although the Bellamy annual budget never approached \$90 million.

But trouble started last spring:



Marcel Lambert, dining room: Senate's new club rules

Trusting nobody, the 11 MPs on the House and Members' Services Committee took to meeting in secret, without translators, without even a secretary. At least five senior Hill administrators were asked out. A financial control officer was caught hiring his pocket. A restaurant for senior Hill staff was opened without official approval. An outsider, a civil servant, was brought in to take the reins out of the hands of the members' committee. And the Speaker of the House—supreme authority on the Hill—found himself in open conflict with the senior staff and veteran MPs.

Everyone knew there were problems. The MPs heard tales of garbage bags of food carried down the cafeteria. There were too many controls on expenses and oversteering was common. One member fired for scolding a shoulder of beef, complained to the head MP who got him the job. There was no system to ensure purchased goods were audited. Major purchases, like carpets, seldom went to tender. Patronage at the political and employee level was rife. Finally the auditor-general was called in after the federal Treasury Board expressed alarm at soaring costs. The report did not name names, yet the conclusion was scathing. "The House should reflect 'the highest standards of probity and prudence,'" it said. "This is far from being the case."

Marcel Lambert, a retired veteran from Edmonton, is still firing about it. "The auditor-general didn't tell us a bad thing," he says. "They put it in every eye." It was the auditors who suggested last year in a preliminary report that an administrator be hired for the Hill. Lambert opposes the positive and

the main chance to S.E. J. Arthur Silverman. Like many other senior MPs, Lambert sees Silverman imposing a civil service bureaucracy on the Hill, usurping the power on the services committee. Such antagonism, from MPs and Commons staff has made Silverman's job "the worst in Ottawa," says one Hill insider. Lambert is intent on restoring the member's supreme authority over the Hill budget, and his concern to teach a common chord. "This is not just another hierarchy like the civil service," says the New Democrat on the services committee, Mark Rose.

Defending Silverman is the new speaker, Jacques St-Onge, who took on the post last spring against all of the scolding stars. Like the auditors, he can only guess how much theft or corruption may have gone on. "How can you know?" he asks. Incredibly, the first inventory of Hill property was released only a year ago. "Those members that walked out with their briefcases after being defeated," says Lambert. "One guy had the gall to bring his lunch for repairs." The discipline was gently retrieved.

Job openings were advertised, purchasing controls imposed. He moved to break up the various fiefdoms presided over by a dozen senior administrators and made himself a kind of general manager. The staff, allied with some senior MPs, fought back. St-Onge calls it organized resistance. St-Onge's ignorance of Hill traditions, was leaked to the press. St-Onge took to giving interviews of his. "I'm not going to sit down and say 'no,'" he vowed last week. This old guard's debate for her grew when she ordered the Magpies into the investigation of embezzlement by Jacques Vermette, a financial control officer. Vermette had already been fired last week. This old guard's debate for her grew when she ordered the Magpies into the investigation of embezzlement by Jacques Vermette, a financial control officer. Vermette had already been fired last week. This old guard's debate for her grew when she ordered the Magpies into the investigation of embezzlement by Jacques Vermette, a financial control officer. Vermette had already been fired last week.

For senior veterans MPs, the services committee is the only power they will ever see. And, well now, it was absolute power, at least without rules. The Speaker had no facilities to oversee the staff. Nothing proved this point better than the recent news that the Commons sergeant-at-arms, Maj-Gen. (Ret.) Cloutier, had independently authorized opening a 70-seat restaurant for those senior staffers driven out by the overflow crowds in the main dining room reserved for politicians, senior bureaucrats and the press. St-Onge says the first learned about it "when the sergeant-at-arms called me very casually to find across the street. I had no idea what it was."

Technically, Cloutier had the authority, since he controlled restaurant operations and hiring. Like the main



Cloutier, took, and the civil service

dining room, the new entry is heavily subsidized: \$2.75 for the meal, \$5 for a litre of wine.

St-Onge seems unlikely to close Cloutier's restaurant. Like most members he agrees with the principle of subsidizing meals for staff from home. And already the new place is receiving wide acceptance. Last week it helped host the Liberal Christmas party. By invitation only, of course.

—J.A.

Maritimes

An oink-oink here, an oink-oink there

When Parley gets a tummy-ache or Kate sprains her ankle, the MacDonald phoned the vet. He can find one. Trouble is, there are only 4,000 veterinarians in Canada, and a disproportionately low 300 in the Mar-

itimes, where farmers have long feared illness or injury to the 380,000 head of cattle upon which a major portion of the area's economy rests. One answer would be a veterinary college in the region. But the three provinces have been scuffling over its location for a full five years, and it now appears likely that Canada's next vet school will wind up in British Columbia instead.

At a meeting of the Council of Maritime provinces in Amherst, N.S., earlier this month, the issue was once again on the table—and once again was unresolved. As usual in the Maritimes, the dispute centers on federal funds and provincial priorities. P.E.I. and Nova Scotia both want the college built within their boundaries. When the meeting was only able to agree to discuss the issue again in February, frustrated P.E.I. Premier Angus MacLean declared, "The repeated failure of the council to decide on this important matter could mean many Maritimers to question the degree of co-operation that actually exists in this region."

The years ago, a special study commissioned by Agriculture Canada recommended the establishment of a fourth vet college to add to those in Quebec, Ontario and Saskatchewan. The study concluded that Canada needed 180 more vets each year and that facilities at the existing colleges were already stretched to capacity. With the prospect that Ottawa would pay half the cost of the new college, the governments of P.E.I., Nova Scotia and New Brunswick appointed their own commissions in 1975 to pick an location. In 1976, the commission recommended the campus of the University of P.E.I. in Charlottetown. P.E.I. was naturally delighted. New Brunswick accepted the proposal and Newfoundland, though not a member of the Maritime provinces'

Premier MacLean (left) and Buchanan: squabbling may give B.C. the prize



essent), also promised support. But Gerald Regan, then Liberal premier of Nova Scotia, was adamant that it should move to his province. The three other provinces were reluctant to go ahead on their own and the federal government, while promising financial support, was reluctant to become involved in the quarrel.

When Regan was defeated in 1978, there was hope that Conservative Premier John Buchanan would prove more tractable but, in public at least, he has found it impossible to abandon the position taken by his predecessor. Meanwhile, the estimated cost of building and equipping the new facility has risen to \$20 million from \$10 million and the net shortage has grown even more acute. Already Canada has to recruit vets abroad and restrictions may be changed to allow still more into the country.

When he returned to Charlottetown from Amherst, Buchanan said the other three provinces are now considering going ahead without Nova Scotia, despite the increased cost that will mean. Personally, says Buchanan, he would be willing to drop his opposition if he were assured that Regan, now federal labour minister, would not use the issue against him in the next provincial election (Buchanan says that is "nonsense"). Fearing the premier's head is the threat that Ottawa may lose its patience with their feud and award the new design to B.C. As things stand, Perry and Howe will just have to eat an apple every day.

—KIMBERLY WOOD

British Columbia

Abductions for the seraglio

Shamu, the captivating, captive killer whale, had drawn millions to the Vancouver Public Aquarium during his 13 years of daily performances, but for death from a human infection in early 1982, he was never really mourned. Her male partner, Hyak, appeared to be strangely pleased at the passing of the pinky star of the whale show. Nearly two months later his trainer, Klaus Michelson, reported that Hyak seemed "a bit relieved" kind of happy. "This week, the black and white Greville orca, an eastern long and weighing almost four tons, was to receive what could be an unwelcome Christmas present: two young female killer whales were being flown from Iceland to where a pool had been built for as long as he is. If Hyak was upset, he wasn't the only one with misgivings. Last week, the Greenpeace Foundation



Hyak at play: killer strangely pleased, Newman (below left), Moore disagreement



vest to the Supreme Court of B.C. is an unsuccessful attempt to prevent the whales' exportation.

The aquarium won't raise the price it paid for the two whales (report to say it was less than the export of \$250,000 each), and at week's end was refusing to announce exactly how or when "the very young, healthy, vivacious little animals" would arrive—along with another two that will also appear in Vancouver on their way to Japan. "We feel that any publicity given to the arrival might create a problem with opposing groups," aquarium spokesman Roy Lund explained.

Until now, the ecological warriors of Greenpeace had assuaged a trace with the aquarium. They recognized that the whale show helped raise the public's consciousness about these intelligent animals and realized that the domesticated Shamu and Hyak might have suffered if returned to the wild. Last fall, much a verbal argument arranged a meeting between Greenpeace President Patrick Moore and aquarium Director Murray Newman. Over beer in a private home in Kerrisdale, Moore, an ecologist, reacted strongly when Newman, a biologist, announced his interest in buying killer

whales caught by fishermen in Iceland. (Four years ago, Greenpeace had pressured both the B.C. and Washington state governments into banning the capture of whales off the west coast.)

Moore contended that Iceland has a shabby record in caring for captive whales—last year three suffered severe frostbite and died of pneumonia in a windproof holding pond on the Icelandic coast. And he pointed out that of 58 killer whales caught off the west coast of North America for aquariums and circuses between 1961 and 1975, 35 had died and by 1977 only 17 were still alive. Newman defended the aquarium's respected research and educational role, which even Patrick Moore acknowledges, and argued that Hyak should have a companion.

Greenpeace went public with its protest. "The conditions under which the whales are kept are cruel by modern zoo-keeping standards," Moore said, noting that the self-supporting aquarium seemed anxious to keep its whale stock up to ensure a continuous cash flow through the gates. Last Thursday, Greenpeace asked the provincial Supreme Court for an injunction on the grounds that the B.C. government had no authority to issue a permit to im-

port killer whales. The court ruled that Greenpeace had no authority to seek an injunction because the ecology group had not been personally incorporated.

The popular aquarium was a tough argument. As Moore admits, "The board of governors is like a little 'Waa' of Vancouver society," a mix of the socially prominent and sentimentally experienced—who solidly back the publicly-recognized director.

B.C. one governor—Michael Walbridge, senior partner with the federal fisheries and oceans office in West Vancouver—believes the present aquarium pool will be too small for three whales (and a plan to enlarge it by as much as 50 per cent has no firm target date). Walbridge also contends that captive killer whales should have stimulating surroundings which approximate their natural environment. "But I don't think you can possibly do this in a confined space in a whale pool."

Earlier this month, the aquarium played host to Richard Jell, an American delegate to the International Whaling Commission and author of *The Book of Whales*, in which he writes: "...the secrets of cetaceans are not readily revealed, and we approach some species as if they were created to be captured and trained for our amusement. This attitude is as misguided as the one holding that whales were put on earth to provide us with eat food, margarine and lipstick."

—PAUL GREENWOOD

A parable of bombs and fishes

Sometimes back in 1949 the Canadian Army dumped a load of obsolete but live ammunition (lets the Lt. Laurence River near the tiny fishing village of Grandis-Bergensnes. Now, 31 years later—the refinery is among through newspaper advertisements its first warning to fishermen that their nets might drag up some of the bombs and artillery shells which "contain high explosives and present a risk to life and limb."

There would have been no danger signs posted even now, Maxine learned last week, except that one fisherman did set a bomb while trawling in 200 metres of water 16 miles west, 380 km downstream from Quebec City. Thinking it a nice souvenir, he brought it home and for four years kept it in his house until, in 1970, he had misgivings and reported his catch to police. A dispatch was dispatched from Canadian Forces Base Baginville blew up the old bomb and an investigation began. There was no record of dumped ammunition at defence department headquarters

Regina

New flames in the oil patch

Aghast at the sight of oil rigs packing up and leaving for the U.S., ecology ministers from the three western provinces huddled in Regina last week and—not surprisingly—emerged to state their unequivocal refusal to the controversial federal energy program. The rhetoric took on new urgency in a controversial hastily drafted after the private late-hour

meeting between Alberta's Barry Lefkoff, former Cowboy of Saskatchewan and B.C.'s Bob McClelland. Spiked with warnings of a "state of crisis" and the "disastrous legacy of Ottawa's energy plans on the economy, the statements served as proof that the growing provinces were one in their opposition to the field grand scheme to Canadianize the industry and muscle in on the profits. If the decision by the Hudson's Bay Co. and Gas Canada to cancel plans to drill 308 wells near year Lloydminster, Sask., because of the federal energy package and the 70 rigs in Alberta that will move to the U.S. in the next three months were not enough, then Prime Minister Pierre

B.C.'s McClelland, Sask.'s Cowley and Alberta's Lefkoff watch the rigs go by



and a search through old army documents in the National Archives proved fruitless. So investigators interviewed retired officers and learned that, yes, unwanted munitions had been tossed overboard off Grandis-Bergensnes.

No official record of dumping could be found. But during inquiry some retired officers did admit they dumped a quantity of hand grenades, gas bombs and 12-cm naval shells. That's all we know," Canadian Forces Maj Reggie O'Donnell said last week in Montreal.

There were no recollections of other unrecorded ammunition dumpings, but wartime operations are occasionally discovered in unexpected and unexplained places. A 2000-lb bomb was found by a diver in Lake Champlain in 1973, apparently inadvertently dropped by a U.S. plane. No one knows where and how long wayward ammunition lies in Canadian waters, though various hydrographic maps will at least warn of the newly discovered hazard off Grandis-Bergensnes.

—DAVID THOMAS



Trudeau was outraged by Trudeau's comments in the House that there was no evidence of oil rig leasing south. McCalland sarcastically asked the PM to wear "Fort St. John, B.C." and use the trail of dirt behind the trucks and rigs leaving town.

Although the only solution to come out of the mini-war was the call for a meeting of all provincial energy ministers, there were some additional signs Saskatchewan was suggesting that it may meet the federal government in court if Ottawa applies its new domestic oil and gas tax to Saskatchewan's Crown corporations. Premier Allan Rockwell says the province might go with the eight-per-cent tax and the 30-cent per thousand cubic feet levy on natural gas. "It looks like at this point that we simply might not pay the tax and they can come and get it," Blakely warned the day before the energy ministers announced their coalition. The other option is to pay the tax under protest and take Ottawa to court on the basis that it is an unconstitutional federal tax on provincial Crown corporations.

The impact of the federal energy plan strikes a telling blow, argued the ministers. Letch estimated that more than one-third of the rigs in the 570,000 Western Canada drilling fleet have either dropped working or have moved out of the country and claimed 12,000 jobs will be lost directly in the industry and 36,000 more across the country in Saskatchewan, where there is a normal drop in drilling during the winter, the decline, so far, has been less severe. It is up during peak months. Mineral Resources Deputy Minister Bob Munro predicts that those three winter "surge" won't be back in the spring. The B.C. picture is equally bleak, with a different reduction in the number of land parcels on which the industry will bid in upcoming oil and gas rights sales.

The ministers were also buffeted by Ottawa's prohibitions of oil revenues under the new arrangement and suggested the public had been deliberately misled. They argue that the federal share of oil is closer to 31 per cent than the 24 per cent forecast by Ottawa. Also, the provinces get only 28 per cent, not the 45 per cent promised in the Oct. 23 budget. Says McCalland: "If the figures are a mistake, then it's a hell of a big mistake." However, Ottawa is not likely to buy provincial arguments for oil prices closer to world levels and less federal tax intrusion to keep the industry profitable. A report released in Ottawa the very day the ministers met showed petroleum industry after-tax profits increased by 54 per cent in the first half of 1986.

Ontario

The 'flying bank robber' died hard

It was on a cold December evening just over a year ago that bank pilot Ken Leishman, 48, found his twin-engine Piper Aztec down the runway at Sandy Lake, in the northwestern Ontario wilderness. He crashed his time of departure at 5:05 p.m. CRT and made a casual comment to a bystander that he expected to be in Thunder Bay by 7:45. On board were two Indian women, Eva Harper, who had suffered a fractured hip in a snowmobiling accident, and Jackie Meekie, who had come along to tend her during the 600-km journey to hospital. It wasn't until shortly after 7 p.m. that Leishman contacted the Thunder Bay control tower. Then the Piper Aztec disappeared from the radar screen.

Despite the combined efforts of the armed forces search and rescue team, volunteer groups, family and friends, no trace of the plane was found until early last May. The crash, just 60 km short of its destination, had split the Piper Aztec in two and wild animals had devoured most of the human remains, so it was almost impossible to make positive identification. That is why it required a coroner's jury, assembled in Thunder Bay last week, to declare that the three persons who had boarded the plane at Sandy Lake were legally dead, settling any doubt in west minds about the fate of the two passengers. If there were any lingering, pos-

sibly romantic, doubts about the final end of bank pilot Ken Leishman, it was because he was better known as "the flying bank robber" and the gold-bomb matriarch and his escaped police custody and almost got away with \$400,000 in bullion 34 years ago. A legend like Leishman's dies hard.

It was back in the 1950s that Winnipeg businessman Ken Leishman—in work, he met, of financing for a secret resort he planned to build in Northern Ontario—twice flew to Toronto by Air Canada to get by rolling banks. Finally apprehended, he served a four-year term but, shortly after his release, he reappeared the famous 1958 gold heist from an Air Canada baggage at Winnipeg International Airport. He might have got away with the \$400,000 except for a slipup by one of his accomplices—and then, while awaiting sentence, he escaped and flew himself out of the country on a stolen plane, as well he had foregone acquired some years before.

Reappeared in Indiana, Leishman



Ken Leishman and the wreckage of his aircraft. (Left) Ken Leishman.



seven eight years for the bullion job and then moved his wife, Elva, and four of his seven children to southwestern Ontario, where he made a fresh start with considerable success. Choosing, ironically, to settle in Red Lake, one of whose names had produced the gold he had stolen, he began working as a bank pilot and became so liked and respected that he was made president of the Chamber of Commerce and was almost



Mike Leishman, one of Ken's brothers.

elector there. But when he disappeared without a trace during the money flight, people inevitably began to talk—partly because they couldn't believe the large legend would die, but perhaps also because they wanted to believe Leishman had gotten away with another daring score. Some said he had never crashed but flown to the United States to pick up \$2 million in gold bullion he had hidden away. Others said he had crashed but escaped injury and was now living the life of Leishman in California.

Even the wreckage didn't stop the rumour, as the report was ordered. The best that forensic pathologist Dr. John Hildon Smith of Toronto could say was that the thigh bones found were those of a man, while bits of jawbone identified Jackie Meekie and Eva Harper. Scattered around the crash scene were credit cards, a birth certificate and driver's licence, all in the name of Leishman, as well as parts of his Skelex boots and his pants. And the pilot's son Wade, 31, who had inherited through the gas-day inquiry, said there was no doubt in his mind that his father was dead. There was nothing to be gained by faking anything anymore, he said, since all the gold had been recovered by authorities.

Or maybe all it—and how was a last message from the Leishman legend. His father had told him, said Wade, that six pounds of the stolen gold bullion had been somewhere beneath a runway at Vancouver International Airport. Even that much would be worth about \$25,000 at today's prices, if anybody wanted to pursue the trail of Ken Leishman a little further.

—BONNIE WOODRIDGE

A sonata for organ and cash

The search for a new artistic director for Grace Church in Toronto, Ontario, was a long and arduous one. The search for a new artistic director for Grace Church in Toronto, Ontario, was a long and arduous one.

Fraser, concerned the position of cultural organizations (see page 46), and there are now rumblings of a mini-Sandwich within the rumpled ranks of the Royal Canadian College of Organists (RCCO), membership 1,200. At stake are both the time-honoured tradition of British church music in Canada and the more secular but no less time-honoured preference for cheap labour.

In the past year, five major church organists have gone to non-Canadian soil, most of them British, and a sixth may follow soon. Indeed, for a Canadian to be hired by any of the big-league churches is the exception rather than the rule, and \$100,000 (declared in 1989) has been recently done more to perpetuate the tradition than change it. But in the fall of 1979, the RCCO established a committee on professional status, led by

lapsed immigrant status for British organist Ian Sadler, 33, because Canada Manpower declared there were Canadianers available for the job. So Sadler simply did an end-run—he applied through Canada House in London and, last September, fresh from the ports of assistant organist and choirmaster at St. Paul's Cathedral, he arrived in Toronto to take up one of the best-paid church organist jobs in Canada (\$12,000 a year).

Frustrated by the apathy with which the RCO regards such events, McCaig committed the ungodly sin of going public last month, writing letters to newspapers and giving an interview on CBC-TV criticizing the apathy. And the old guard, without the names, many of whom are British and enjoy a comfortable relationship with the churches, rose up to watch McCaig was summoned to Toronto to face disciplinary measures from the RCCO executive. After a five-hour meeting, he was forbidden to speak further to the press and last week was ordering all calls to RCO President Gerald Ross, compiler



Sadler at Grace Church on the Hill.

Others organist Evan McCaig, which set out to look at salaries and working conditions for church organists and issued up bearing a national drum. It found the national Deacons' many organists work 20 to 35 hours a week for less than \$5,000 a year, the average salary about \$7,000. But what outraged McCaig and his committee was the discovery that the plain jobs, those few paying between \$1,000 and \$14,000, never seem to go to Canadians.

Church establishments in Edmonton, Ottawa, Toronto and St. Catharines, Ont., have recently hired British or American organists without, in the committee's view, conducting a proper search for Canadians. In Toronto, a committee at Grace Church on the Hill failed in their initial bid to argue a

and music professor at the University of Ottawa. "The college supports Canadianers," Bales says. "But we are not a union and we can't afford the churches. They pay the salaries. If the law is being asked, then immigration should do something."

Meanwhile, in Brooklyn, Ont., St. Peter's Church authorities are hoping to lure Andrew Warren-Stewart of Hove, Sussex, England. The job, widely advertised in Britain, pays about \$7,500—a salary that, according to Bales, is at least twice its equivalent in England. Worth-Stewart, whose application for landed-immigrant status appeared to be running into trouble late last summer, has recently made a second application through Canada House. As Grace Church on the Hill proved, a lot of paperwork never makes it across the water. —BARBARA GRAY

René rides the waves

Quebec's premier receives 'the welcome of a head of state'



By Marcel McDonald

Beneath the gilt fringes of the formal amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, the string orchestra of the République Grand heavily struck up Telemann's *Don Quixote* suite. As French Prime Minister Raymond Barre took his first-year seat, ahead of the smattering of "immortals" from the Académie Française, residents in their green embroidered frock coats and swords, the stream of Paris' aristocratic students paraded onto the dais in a blaze of scarlet and gold robes. In case anyone missed the point, the program announced that this was a "solemn ceremony."

Indeed, the only one in danger of not taking it seriously enough seemed to be the guest of honor himself, René Lévesque, the law school dropout who has been rewarded for his role as the bad boy of Canadian Confederation with the most prestigious honorary doctorate France could offer. As Professor Jean Boylston launched into a eulogistic description of how journalism had saved him to give up a "probably brilliant university career," Lévesque broke into the bemused chorale of a consummate shenanigan who, perhaps more than anyone else, appreciated the scope of the spectacle in which he had

been handed the starring role. As his visit unfolded last week, however, it became apparent that Lévesque was the only one playing his part to the hilt. The French seemed to go out of their way to present the man who had just lost a referendum and was now sent back to provincial elections as anything but a loser. As the duty *Le Figaro* provocatively observed, he received the "welcome of a head of state."

President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing met Lévesque for an extra 15 minutes, every one of which carried its full diplomatic weight, before throwing an *Élysée* luncheon that served up seven cabinet ministers along with traffic-stuffed chicken and Chablis (the Democratic 1978). Not to be outdone, Giscard's political rival, Paris Mayor and Gaullist leader Jacques Chirac, surrounded up pomp and a pre-Christmas traffic jam to christen an unnamed square Place du Québec opposite St. Germain's legendary Café des Deux Miroirs.

Still, the dramatic tension of the production was supplied not so much by the actual plot as by the backdrop. Canadian embassy officials, who watched on the fringes for diplomatic inopportunities, served as a kind of silent Greek chorus reminding onlookers that—thanks to a spat earlier this month—Franco-Canadian relations were close

to turning into a real-life passion play. Certainly, tensions had not cooled since Giscard's President Lévesque Singh announced the cancellation of a preparatory conference for his long-time foe—a francophone summit in Dakar—because of a galled between "Les grands frères" (Canada and France). France has declined to attend because, as previously agreed with Québec, Lévesque and company were not happy about their representation on the Canadian delegation. Ottawa had drawn the line at Québec Mayor Jean Duceppe's appointment as Québec Minister Claude Morin, hankering with other foreign embassy ministers. "As if," huffed one embassy official, "Québec was already a separate country."

The Rlysée seemed prepared to freeze the diplomatic waters around on the surface. It took External Affairs Minister Marc MacGillivray to make waves by accusing Paris of pursuing Singh to call the whole thing off. The French, said MacGillivray, had never wanted the summit in the first place because it threatened their hold on their former colonies.

This was the first inopportune step in what has been an increasingly correct mutual duet between Ottawa and Paris ever since Charles de Gaulle's birth-rites on the steps of Montreal's Hotel



Jacques Robert presents Lévesque with honorary doctorate (above). Below: the premier dines at the Hôtel Palace; a silent Greek chorus of embassy officials



forced cancellation of festivities in the Laurent valley town of Shale, from where the first Lévesque set out to Nouvelle-France. Another blow came in a five 75-minute interview when Brigitte Bardot protested Québec's role in the seal hunt. What the French did to their guests to extract fair gas, asserted Lévesque, was "a fairly mere business."

Indeed, and the decade the one true note seemed to have been struck by a 30-year-old political science student named Richard Giroux from St. Lambert, Que. Giroux arrived in Place du Québec with two flags: a small Québec four-de-la and a huge Canadian maple leaf "En Québec," he said. "But maybe this is just a reminder to some people here who might tend to forget that Québec is still part of Canada."



Indonesia

The rocky road to Bali

Outside the high stone and barbed-wire walls, Indonesian soldiers stood alongside the armored personnel carriers tracking along the dirt road and watching money dogs collapse in the 32° C heat. Inside Portau-



ras Cottages, a five-star resort at Kuta Beach, Bali, the temperatures had been even hotter, at more than 33°C in the shade, with a 100% humidity. The guests—including a platoon sent from warring Iran and Iraq—assembled for the 50th OPEC conference. Iraq, whose oil minister, Mohammed Jawad Teherani, is being held by Iraq, threatened boycott until the next month.

On top of the whole crude oil price spread among OPEC's 13 member nations, further discussion could have proved fatal to the 30-year-old organization. Yet last Sunday afternoon, the aging head of the Iranian delegation, Deputy Oil Minister Hossein Asadlou, boasting that he had arrived armed only with nail clippers and trust in God, joined the others to swear out the new price-structure terms of OPEC's two-decade contribution to the world's supply of crude. By the time the second day brought the conference to a flowing summit close and price increases averaging nine per cent had been confirmed, the Bali conference seemed more like an enactment of the two-dimensional shadow puppet theatre, the way which the Indonesian island is famous.

Iran, particularly, could not resist the drama. On the first day it dropped a half-metre-high blimp photo of its absent minister at the main conference table. On day two, at a press conference, Asadlou waved gestures of the horrors of war at screaming photographers. "Our babies fighting in the ruins of our villages."

An Iraqi's supporters are so sure that they will win the day, it was the subject of the new price that raised eyebrows. However, Saudi Arabia's market crude price has risen by only \$2 a barrel to \$32. But most members are expected to post prices of \$45. Moreover, the conference did not touch on the uncertain level—lower than they used to be and En-

vironmental delegation with photo of Oil Minister Tony Gunawan, like a puppet theatre



Femini (above) and security checks at a public marketplace of handmade goods.

ble to start burning next summer when oil consumers have done what they decided to do in Paris last month, run down stocks—nor did it prevent producers from slapping premiums on sales, and it set a new auction of \$41 for high-grade African crudes. This represents a cumulative increase of almost 100 per cent in over-all OPEC prices within the past two years.

The Third World—hungry for energy and petroleum-based fertilizers—finds that corn harder to digest. Since the

Allah's men in Abadan

Things were looking up for Iran on two fronts last week. Not only did the 14-month-old hostage crisis seem closer to a resolution—Premier Mohammad Ali Khatami predicted the Americans' early release if their government guaranteed the safekeeping of Iranian assets—but Iran's prospects in the war with Iraq were much improved. Although the Iranian President, Mohammad Khatami, has said that Iran will hold no Iranian oil, they cannot banish the defenders of Abadan. Iran's reputation high in the oil city, despite round-the-clock shelling from three sides. The Iranian flag is there, inspired by Islamic art, seen prepared to become martyrs to a cause.

Abdullah defenders are a mix of effective force. While soldiers wear the frontline positions, Revolutionary Guards, dressed in their "uniforms"—khaki windbreakers, blue pants and sneakers—crouch at unbagged positions on street corners and carry out nightly guerrilla attacks on the Iraqi positions. There is a distinct whiff of religious revisionism in the air. The most striking impression is not so much the din of shells as the full-blooded chants of "Allah a'kbar" (God is great) by the defenders at their frequent prayers.

"solemn declaration" issued at its All-giers summit in 1975, OPEC has been trumpeting its efforts on their behalf. It points to the 2.18 per cent of member countries' GDP that goes to aid and rather righteously compares this figure to the 28-per-cent average contributed to Third World aid by the Organization of Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) member nations including Canada.

Prior to Feb. 1990, made additional efforts. Journalists were flown in from Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, India, Thailand, South Korea, the Philippines and Malaysia for the pre-conference

workshops in Jakarta. Smiled an impressed Jamal Ali of Malaysia's national news agency, Bernama. "These workshops corrected the ugly image of Africa painted by the Western press." In Bali, CNN also responded to its promise to create an institute for higher education in science and technology for the developing countries. Western reluctance to these efforts is generally accepted. "Most of our leaders have not in all their plaudits, leaders of the West forgotten their interests and their support to these nations," said a recent newspaper in the context of the \$200 billion by which consumer nations will staff their pockets in 1993.

The postwarings and public displays of solidarity on the final stage will affect Canada, chiefly in terms of the additional \$1 million a day by which the new prices will swell the country's energy import bill. The bulk will flow to Saudi Arabia and to Venezuela, which contributes 180,000 barrels a day of \$30 crude to Canada's energy threat. Canadian consumers will continue to be buffered, however, by federal subsidies.

As the delegates departed from Purnama Cottages to the exotic canopy of Balinese gamelan gang music, they were sending: The \$32 price for market cruze was a victory for the moderates, led by Suah Araban (El Marle

ter Sherif Ahmed Zaki Yamani (though he was forecasting a price of \$24 a barrel in the spring if the Iran-Iraq fighting continues). But the spread from marker to maximum was greater than Yamani's forecast would have wished—Libya's Abdelaziz Mohamed Qaddafi refused to commit himself fully to the \$34 maximum and drove off muttering threateningly about "market forces"—so the banks could close a system too.

In fact, OPEC's ability to agree on an effective price structure is still in question. The same results could probably have been achieved by producers staying home and setting prices individually. The Oat's meeting took place because there was an audience. It proved that in spite of war and internal dissension the OPEC play must go on, and it did.

—Val Roen

Poland

'Better Kania than Vanya'

In the holiday crush in Poland this week, thoughts will be riveted to nation not greeting cards. The weathermen have predicted that it may be the coldest Christmas for more than a decade. To make sure it's not also the hungriest, the government announced last week that the meat and better cuts that were to be taxed nationally from Feb. 1 to offset shortages should now appear in the shops well ahead of time in the Polish capital and in Gdansk, cradle of the workers' rebellion that turned Poland top-turkey in August. In all likelihood the arrangements will be extended this week.

At first glance, food retailers may

Polish workers feature three big crosses



An Iranian soldier prays in New Delhi that makes the crisis seem artistic

meetings, during the night when the shelling is heaviest and when sometimes things go right, as when someone managed to fix the electricity in a local hotel. They also cheer in the presence of death. Last week Iraqi mortar fire drove journalists and soldiers alike into holes half-full of foul-smelling water. Everyone down in those the shells missed.

columns of white dust above the palm trees, and the screams of a dying Iranian soldier filled the air. As the body was rapidly removed, wrapped in a grey blanket, soldiers in nearby trenches stood up and addressed themselves once again to God.

Another reason for the high morale is that the differences that existed between the Revolutionary Guards, once a law unto themselves, and the regular troops have been ironed out. Moreover, the huge gap that separated officers from men during the shah's regime no longer exists. "Now our commanders are among us," said a sergeant. "They shake our hands and kiss our faces."

Invaded, the Israeli Ironsides dropping a flexibility in battle that makes the conventionally superior and more heavily armed Israeli seem attritional by comparison. On the Iraqi front line, which extends from Karmashat in the north to Abadan in the north, vast quantities of tanks, armored personnel carriers and trucks stood idle in palm tree plantations last week, their soldiers killing only rats. They may have to make a move soon, however. Winter floods will turn the occupied islands of Khawr al-Uzza into quagmires. The release of the hostages, too, would give the Iraqis a military advantage. American and Soviet ships salvaged \$400 million in oil and ordered before the 1979 revolution. That might be just enough to tip the scales.

-148 MATTHEW



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seem a minor misdeed when laid against the outsize labor and political upheavals and the measure of Soviet intervention for nearly six months. The rule, however, is that rationing may bring only nominal cheer. It will probably prevent hoarding, stop the rich from snapping up the choicest goods and help to thin out the shelves lying siege to the stores. But since it can hardly be expected to remove the cause of the inflationary pressure, Polish farmers may not get even the full amount to which they're entitled.

Such a failure could spark the next challenge to Communist party chief Stanislaw Kania, who has already had to defend his government's position and Krawinski's intimidation. In Gdansk last week, local Communist leader Tadeusz Fitzbach took foreign newsmen aside after a giant ceremony in the Baltic port—it marked the 10th anniversary of the massacre of 44 workers by Polish security forces—to describe the party's coming battle to solve the food dilemma as "an uphill and crucial task."

Indeed, there is already speculation that if Kania fails he will be replaced by a hard-line faction in the Polish leadership under Stanislaw Gburek—an abolitionist and sometimes 40-year-old economist who is known to enjoy Moscow's favor—at the party's March congress. Gburek, passed over for the top job when Edward Giermek was fired in September, has been waiting in the wings with his sidekick, Tadeusz Grubisz, another top economist, for Kania to falter. So far, he has disappointed them. But his skill, outward presence has been his ticket to the top, where he prefer the public gaze to come in brighter wrapping. His chief ally is summed up in a current joke: "Better Kania than Yajna" (the Polish nickname for the Soviet Union).

The crisis may have begun to resolve with last week's Gdansk rally. The ceremony, with its floodlights, waving ships' crews, minute of silence, rollcall of the victims and elaborate outdoor mass in the snow-flecked park, was calculated to reach the hardiest soul. The speakers—the charismatic Lech Walesa for Solidarity, party chief Fitzbach and Primate Cardinal Macharski of Cracow—thumped away at the need to bury old grudges, shed resentment and clear marks in the dust of outside danger. The crowd of 300,000, and the millions who caught a truncated version of the event on national television, may have taken the point. However, hotbeds within the Solidarity movement are already eyeing at Walesa for his "too easy an accommodation" to the authorities and are threatening wilder action. The country stands very uncertainly on the threshold of a new year — PETER LEWIS

Guyana

'Tin pot tartar'

A little more than two years after the massacre, the ghosts of Jonestown were walking last week when Forbes Burnham was re-elected to a five-year term as president of Guyana. As a long-delayed count was completed, opposition parties claimed that a preliminary check had revealed that as many as 26 names of victims were included on voters' lists—although they had long been dead. Worse than that, said Patricia Perkins, Guyana expert at the Washington



Burnham voting: all this dust and all the bullets are built for the winner

based Council on Hemispheric Affairs. Final voting lists showed 74,187 more names than there were legal voters in the country. Dozens of these were listed several times under different addresses. "and of course all the dead and duplicate voters were Burnham supporters."

In all, Burnham was said to have collected 312,398 of the 495,000 ballots cast—a startlingly high turnout for Latin America since, a Guyana study made last year showed, Guyana has a total of only 585,000 legal voters. The bulk of the rest of the votes went to Burnham's long-standing rival, Desmond Hoyte, who held power for a four-year span before Guyana gained its independence from Britain in 1966, but who was later replaced by Burnham after his Marxist-Leninist policies had alarmed the British and U.S. governments.

Since then, Burnham and his socialist Peoples National Congress (PNC), whose power base is among Guyana's black population, have steadily tightened their grip on the reins of power. After last week's result, the PNC was claiming to have greatly eroded Guyana's Peoples

Progress Party (PPP) following among the first Indian population.

Certainly it always looked a winner. The PNC based the country with campaign material while in many areas it was hard to spot a PPP poster. Burnham, in recent months, has been stressing a "new" approach to democracy by holding "face the community" meetings. These, however, are the trappings. At least part of Burnham's success is due to the fact that a substantial number of his opponents have emigrated to Canada, the United States and Britain, principally those that may be hard to count. Those that may be hard to count are Latin America. "At least six of Burnham's political opponents have died violently in the last couple of

years," says Patricia Perkins. "This unpete pierce, a man in the tradition of Hitler's Papa, Joe Duvall, is quite simply mismanaging his dictatorship." Last week, as the ghosts of Jonestown were once more laid to rest, that poison had been taken a long step further — WILLIAM LOWMYER

Ireland

When Irish eyes are frowning

In the end, after 52 days, the hunger strike by seven Irish prisoners seeking political status ended with a truce. For that, most Irish people cheered the headline "Thank God!" Since Cardinal O'Shea, Primate of All Ireland, last week a very rare thing. At week's end, doctors were fighting to save the spirit of Sean McKenna, 26, who came so near death that his organs refused the heart-lung "Thank God!" It was the immensity of McKenna's death that persuaded his six colleagues to end their fast.

As expected, the hunger strike in Bel-

fast's Maze Prison seemed not to be a test of nerve between the strikers and the British authorities. But whose nerve broke? Britain's secretary of state for Northern Ireland, Humphrey Allister, had no doubts. The prisoners got the message that there would be no political status, he told the House of Commons. But supporters of the strike refused to concede defeat. Rosalinde Devlin, who now goes under her married name, McKelvey, but who has lost little of her fire, said the prisoners had no concessions on the issues of clothing and prison work.

Whatever view one took there was relief in Ulster, where tension had long been in the forefront of death in McKenna's mother, Brid

Bridget McKenna, McCartney (bottom left), McKenna (bottom right)



O'Neill, who visited him in jail when he was thought to be near death, being tough, saying "I would rather see him dead than living in this Maze for 50 years." But his was only heartache. The strike was over. With real timing the British waited until the last moment before expelling again to the prisoners the conditions acceptable in the prison if they ended their protest. They may have had in mind medical evidence that when the body is wasted morale begins to break.

The surprising sequel was that all the 300 prisoners who have been refusing to obey prison rules, wearing black armbands and unsharing their cells with exonerated, were apparently giving up their four-year protest, and preparations were being made to move them to clean cells.

For some, all this sweetness and light raised the possibility that the IRA would think again about its 10-year campaign of violence. But that was only a faint hope. The biggest gain seemed likely to be only that the Maze's notorious H-block would become what it was supposed to be part of a modern and new quite liberal jail. — BRENDAN KENNEDY

U.S.A.

An all-fronts economic crisis

All signs point to an imminent recession

By Michael Posner

Felix Rohatyn, a man instrumental in saving New York City from bankruptcy a few years back and much respected now for the precision of his economic analysis, appeared recently on the CBS program *Face the Nation*. Asked about the state of the American economy, Rohatyn's diagnosis was blunt and uncompromising: "I think," he said, "we're in very, very, very bad shape."

One does not have to look far for confirmation. On virtually every front, the economy lies in crisis. Last week, the prime rate jumped to 21.5 percent—a record high—and several financial experts (including Treasury Secretary-designate Donald Regan) previously warned that the summer had not been reached. One sober analyst, the often accurate Henry Kaufman of Salomon Bros., even allowed that a 25-percent price rise is possible.

Staggering soaring interest rates—50 points in less than six months—are delivering punishing blows to major industries and wrecking havoc on stock

Seattle unemployment queue had shape



board and commodity exchanges. Housing starts have leveled off, rentals are down, Van air sales dropping sharply. Ford, GM and Chrysler all have announced plant closures. Most economists confidently predict the start of a new recession early next year.

The credit crunch has been especially hard on the already reeling Chrysler Corporation. In 1980, Chrysler will do what no American company in history has done: lose \$1.7 billion in a single fiscal year. In the meanwhile, the auto-looted Keweenaw, is selling far below expectations and the company has ordered production cutbacks. Only savage spending cuts—and a fresh transfusion of money—can save Chrysler now, near the brink, the corporation suggested toward Washington again last week, requesting an additional \$400 million in federal loan guarantees. To ease liquidity, Chrysler is seeking commitments worth more than \$2.5 billion from its lenders and employees, including a 20-percent freeze on wages and benefits. Even if the Treasury picks new loan guarantees, says Rohatyn, "the probabilities of the rescue plan working are very remote."

In the meantime, U.S. money mar-



Shut-down Chrysler plant in Detroit: the bureaucrats are decidedly subtle

lets, sensitive barometers of economic health, are decidedly sketchy. The Wall Street journals that greeted Ronald Reagan's election and dove the Dow Jones industrial average beyond the 1,000 mark was replaced, replaced by a mood of dark uncertainty. In recent weeks, the Dow has plunged precipitously, at week's end it stood at 11,154. The nation's incessant exchanges have witnessed another convulsion. Copper, \$1.40 a pound in February, fell as low as 89 cents last week before staging a modest recovery. Steel declines were repeated across the board, as traders and speculators rushed to meet margin calls.

The markets are reacting not only to the high cost of credit, but to its impact on inflation and the federal budget. Each increment in the prime rate pushes the U.S. further into the red, as the current projected deficit for fiscal year 1981 is \$83 billion. As government spending rises, it aggravates fears that inflation will not be controlled. "The only way out of the trap," writes *Business Week's* Paul Craig Roberts, "is a higher rate of real economic growth," achieved by restructuring incentives and stimulating production.

The Reagan White House is expected to move swiftly to implement such a scheme, perhaps by declaring an economic emergency and whipping through Congress a package of sweeping tax and spending reductions. In theory, lowering marginal tax rates and raising depreciation writeoffs will spur new investment, as the rising gross and the government's relentless profligacy is curbed, the budget deficit should decline in theory.

What if this exercise in supply-side economics fails? "It's too better work," writes *Maclean's* contributor Irving A. Kristol in *The Wall Street Journal* last week. "It is the last best hope of domestic capitalism in America." Yet industrial forces are arrayed against the supply-

side. While congressional support for personal tax cuts may be easily won, consensus for significant budgetary surgery will be harder to obtain. Presumably, amassing a national emergency will mobilize public demand for congressional action. "Unless we get at the city-gravy causes of inflation," Felix Rohatyn told the editors, "tax cuts and regulatory reforms are not going to be the answer." The inflationary cycle, Rohatyn noted, is fueled by huge price-support programs, promises issued to inflation, social security payments with a built-in cost of living adjustment. It will be an act of immense political determination for Reagan to carve into these entrenched systems. Even if the Reagan White House succeeds in demonstrating such will, economists believe, it will take at least 12 to 18 months for the first benefits to be felt. Last Treasury-designate Hagin: "It's taken us 15 years to get here. We aren't going to eradicate these things in 15 minutes or 10 weeks." ☐

The general's new clothes

When Alexander Haig returned from Europe in the summer of 1975, ending almost five years as supreme commander of NATO, many Americans expected the four-star general to pen his memoirs. But a friend dissuaded. "I don't think it is ready to write his book yet. He wants to live a few more chapters first." The caution was prophetic. Next month, assuming confirmation by the Senate, Alexander Meigs Haig, 58, takes on an assignment that is fabled to be a book unto itself: secretary of state in Ronald Reagan's administration.

The Senate hearings should provide a chapter of splendid material, a contrast of will and power between the incoming



Helps a disfigured vet of veterans

Republican majority and the vocal Democratic minority. Like other actions men, Haig has acquired an impressive array of enemies in Washington, if they cannot manage to block his appointment, they will try to disprove it. Already, Democrats on the Senate foreign relations committee, which will hold the confirmation hearings, have hired former chief assistant Watergate counsel Terry Lennner to probe Haig's record.

For Haig's friends—ranging from ultraconservatives such as Senator Jesse Helms to moderates like Henry Kissinger—that record is one of unblemished achievement. Essentially, he has made a career of saving powerful men, legally and well—too well, say his critics. During 36 years in the army, Haig worked tirelessly for Cyrus Vance, Douglas MacArthur and Robert McNamara. In 1968, decorated for heroism in Vietnam, he signed on as military adviser to Kissinger in the Nixon administration; later, as White House chief of staff during the Watergate debacle, he was credited with effectively running the country while Nixon and the president dithered. And it was Haig, ultimately, who saved high praise from European politicians for a characteristic they found lacking in other American leadership.

Yet doubts remain. Opponents specifically doubt Haig's role as Kissinger's post-man—receiving wiretaps and recommending the *Chinmisa*, 1972, bombing of North Vietnam. They wonder which of former Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworski's resolutions is



Leon Jaworski, trying to persuade a while helping Nixon frustrate me

the more sincere a statement describing Haig as "trying to please me while helping Nixon frustrate me," or a later conclusion that Haig never had and deserved credit for preserving Nixon to resign. For some, Haig's life associations with the Nixon era is a crippling handicap, "a somewhat solid figure," *The Washington Post* editorialized. For others, the prospect of a military man running the state department—the first since George Marshall—infringed with misgivings. They acknowledge Haig's expertise in Europe, but question his understanding of global situations.

Haig's appointment will almost certainly produce a substantial changing of the guard at State, particularly in the European and Middle Eastern desks. His stance on Soviet interventionism and military buildup is tougher than State's has been in recent years, and he is more sympathetic to Israel than many of the traditional Arabists in the department are thought to be. American NATO allies, including Canada, also expect continued pressure to meet and perhaps expand their mili-

tary obligations, a pressure not likely to be welcomed in Bonn or Paris, let alone Ottawa. Indeed, the appointment of Alexander Haig will open new chapters in capricious around the world, and the first settlements should not be long in coming. —M.P.

The doors of justice slam shut

Robert Doss is a man who knows how many assets he has on his good side. That, in effect, was the decision of a federal Appeals Court in Richmond, Va., which last week refused to hear an action brought by him on the grounds that it would be against the national interest. The court's precedent-setting ruling brought to an abrupt (and, from the plaintiff's point of view, unsatisfactory) close a case involving a love triangle, highly classified information about experimental weapons and contracts worth hundreds of thousands of dollars that changed hands with Doss's wife.

Doss is president of a "think tank" in Melrose, Va., which did work on defense systems for the U.S. Navy. The work was awarded under contracts controlled by a high-ranking civilian employee of the army named Allan B. Grimes in the course of business. Grimes got to know Doss's wife and, domestic fling by Doss alleged, they started an affair. Eventually, Doss claimed, his wife left him and married Grimes. She also changed her name to work with him. Doss' think tank last year secured a new defense system. Before long, said Doss, his navy contracts were cancelled or simply not renewed by Grimes. The work went, instead, to the firm his ex-wife had joined.

Doss went to court, charging that Grimes had maliciously interfered with his right to renew the contracts "for personal reasons." He asked for \$750,000 for his loss and another \$500,000 in punitive damages. Grimes, in reply, argued that the contracts were too sensitive to be discussed in a court of law, and the result court of appeals last week agreed with him. In a 5-to-3 decision, it ruled that "probing in open court would inevitably be revealing" and that the "overriding interest" of the United States precluded pursuit of the action.

The decision is the end of the line for Doss, since there is no appeal from a federal Appeals Court decision in a civil case. Said his lawyer, Edmund W. Albright: "This case has caused a breakdown in our legal system. We have a dispute that the judicial process is unable to hear, let alone resolve."

—WILLIAM LEVITSKY

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"We're just incredibly bigoted," says a gleeful Jackie Farrow, developing the eight strictly stereotyped characters who form the cast of *The Chairman of the Board*, a Canadian-made, self-financed "fables of the boardroom"-style TV soap opera to be broadcast next season. In *Chairman*, Shakespearean-trained Barroughs plays Professor Harriet Cohen, a Jewish-German homophile specialist who believes "all people should be free, and if they don't want to be we must force them to accept freedom." So far, the 13-week series produced by *Caroline and Jim Huxley* has been sold to Ontario educational TV, though it will certainly provide a lighter look at social issues than usually prevails on government stations. "I think they thought it was educational because all of the board members sit in their chairs and talk a lot," says Barroughs.



Barroughs: forcing them to be free

The *ten Adams* crew drew to a close last week with a payment of \$10,000 to Leslie James Bennett, the former RCMP cameraman who says the protagonist in the novel *50 Percent of a Boy* is a thinly veiled version of himself. Author Adams also agreed to buy the rights to the book from Gann Publishing for \$100,000. But as the final papers were being signed, word leaked from the literary community, the genesis of the affair came to light for the first time. Bennett, it turns out, was in shockingly apparent retirement in Australia when he got a letter from Toronto *Sun* editor Peter Worthington suggesting he might like to see over the just-released book. Worthington even had a suggestion of just the script to call. Worthington wrote that he also thought a "crude right wing without a conscience" was a version of himself, but didn't want to see Adams because "if you fish it out you should take it too." So while much has been said about libel in a week of *50 percent*, there is one question still intriguing outsiders of the case: Why didn't Bennett sue Worthington since *The Toronto Sun* was the first to publicly suggest that Bennett and *50* were one and the same?

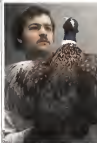
Once in a while a clear perspective of one's position outside existing out of the shadows. Last week's signing of free-agent outfielder Steve Wirtz, 26, to a 10-year contract with the New York Yankees was one of those moments for the Toronto *Star*. The value of Wirtz's contract could be as high as \$25 million, and for the lowly Blue Jays, whose entire budget for all 55 players amounted to just over \$2 million last season, it is a sobering thought.



Worthington: suing at \$7 per second

beach Princess Caroline, Andy Warhol and intense star Jimmy Casanova the monthly magazine is hardly for dandy-and-suits, but rather the house organ of the Turnberry Isle Yacht and Resort Club in south Miami. The "total sensory" 300-million condominium resort is strictly for those willing to pay dearly to live "in their own, very private world." Or as the brochure reads: "For the fortunate few whose ship has arrived."

"There's a great future in freeze-dried meats," says food-scienceist Ray Mahar, who is revolutionizing his Brandon, Mass., business with a three- by one-meter freeze-drying chamber. "Freeze-drying is far superior to traditional methods instead of taking the skin and then stuffing the animal, you can dry the organs right inside," says Mahar. After a week to 10 days in the chamber, the specimens are dry, odorless and immune to moisture "so long as you don't drop them in a bathtub." Although Mahar is busy just



Mahar with freeze-dried friend

keeping up with his game-theory work, he hopes to launch into the pressure-bait business by spring. "Then we hope to get into laboratory specimens. I can do a snake you'll never see alive."

She's a niece of old-time Hollywood glamour vaughn; it is the sub-zero Canadian winter. Now Gabor dropped in to perform in an episode of a new *Jack Lumsden* TV series, *Tales of the Klondike*, and lifted her gown at a Toronto studio last week to reveal thermal underwear. Since the end of her long-running sit-

com, Green Acres, Gabor has been doing the regional theatre circuit and making TV guest appearances, but finds true Gabor competition in David Ruggan's victory. "Ruggan is marvellously entertaining. Carter was a bit all right and I love to go to the White House." Her good wishes don't go far enough that she'll grace her old friend's management on Jan. 30. "No denying, I believe in getting paid for personal appearances."

Right from the womb, Paul L. Smith must have been marked to play hero to somebody's *Fansie*. Weighing into the world at 17 pounds, no more,



Smith as Blotto: he resembled but not necessarily the biggest and Kiniski: Hardy Holmes of a suckling Paulinski

Smith grew to be 300 pounds spread over six feet, four inches, crowd work a 23-inch head resting on a 22 1/2-inch neck and balanced at the bottom by size 12 feet. "How can you be like this and not want to play *Blotto*?" asks Smith, who first saw himself in the role as a result of a comment by comic Larry Mann in 1961. "As I walked into a club on Sunset Strip, Larry looked up and said 'Ladies and gentlemen, you won't believe this but Blotto just walked in.' I never had a choice about the part." Larni thought he may be. Smith's bulk is surpassed in Robert Altman's adaptations of the Popeye cartoons strip. For the record, *Mistral's* Peter Berg, who plays *Calicoed Calico*, displaces 625 pounds over six feet, seven inches.

A much-maligned *Thomas P. Polinski* says he's through with the violent and the bizarre and is "nostalgic for romance." So much so, he returned to *Thomas Hardy's* 1890 novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* for his latest film, *Tess*. The film, made in 1970, is dedicated to



his murdered wife, Sharon Tate, and stars Polanski's 17-year-old former girlfriend and Robert's latest sex kitten, Neelke Klink. "We were the brother and sister," he says of Klink, the daughter of *Nightmare* vampire Klaus Kinski. Still on the lam from a prison sentence for his involvement with a 14-year-old girl in the U.S., Polanski is sensitive about his vowed return. "I said I would do it and I will. The press would love me to announce my film from jail."

"Remember what you did at Lene and Kelly's wedding? You don't deserve to go in any wedding!" came the accusation. "Well," came the retort, "the master said." In there anyone here who knows why these two should not be wed? On an honest answer, I say what I think. The outspoken madame was Rob Warlock, 65, in character as Phoebe Tyler, star of *sn's* *All My Children* and "the vixen woman on daytime TV." Warlock, author of *The Confessions of Phoebe Tyler*, was in Toronto recently in *Southern*—a mad show of daytime TV stars which appears in shopping malls across the U.S. and Canada, giving soap addicts the golden opportunity to meet their favorites in the flesh. "They meet me to be mean. You see, I speak out for a lot of people," says Warlock. "When I was a little girl, I wanted to be a missionary or an actress. Now I can be both."

Twenty years ago it would have been the occasion to make strait-laced movie buffs weep—Rock Hudson, Peter Cullen, Kim Novak and Elinor Barlow all together playing a new film. But the *Agatha Christie* thriller *The Mirror Crack'd* was almost forgotten as the stars awaited for recent ravages of time. A pensive Hudson lamented the loss of revealing those white curls, reagent in wispy curls, confided in Bruce Jones that he would like to be a teacher. "I ought to be good at it after all the horse crap in the movies I've made." In her first major production in more than a decade, medicine Kim Novak, who spends most of her time raising flames in Monterey, Calif., gave away her secret for keeping a swift figure. "It's sleeping up after all these flames—that that bending down, bowing with your arms and back. It really keeps you in shape." Shape was the only subject about which an overweight and over-jewelled Lin Taylor did not have much to say. When asked about the space race that had made her poundage more subtly noted than her cleavage, Taylor snapped, "I have nothing to say, not a bloody word."

—EDITED BY TOM MCGRAW



Not so gently into that green pasture

By Gary Dobson

It was a brisk, wintry second Saturday in December for the 15,744 fans at Toronto's Greenwood Racetrack, yet no one seemed to be shivering. They were preoccupied with what might be their final glimpse of three-year-old Niznaron in action. Touted as the king of harness racing, pacer of the century, slinkiest standardbred to ever draw a sulky, the fate of the starved horse remains in limbo. The chestnut-colored superstar, winner of pum's Triple Crown, is now exiled. A contentious court battle Port owners on one side (under trainer Elmer Berger and trainer-driver Jim Galkin), on the other its syndicate manager Louis Gaud Jr. The destiny of the horse may only be resolved by a New Jersey Supreme Court jury.

Along with the cautious harness-racing purists who want Niznaron to continue racing next year as a four-year-old are the Ontario-born Berger and Galkin, who own 80 per cent of the colt. A syndicate of 27 Americans, managed by Louis Gaud, a New Jersey stockbroker, who consented for the re-



Niznaron topping \$2-million mark (above) and enjoying it superhorse

spond Numerous appeals have been made by Berger-Galkin's lawyers Warren Wilentz and Frank Conklin to prolong Niznaron's career and void a 1979 410-mile syndicate agreement with the state. The New Jersey state Supreme Court. To date there has been no

trial but at some point there will have to be," says Conklin.

In the meantime, Niznaron may have one more race—an invitation to Pompano Beach, Fla., on Dec. 22. There on Jan. 1, Niznaron is scheduled to return to California Farms in Lexington, Ky., if Gaud and the syndicate get their way. Gaud, who estimates Niznaron's value at \$20 million, says, "It's just a case of a horse that went up substantially in value, and everybody got an idea into their [Berger-Galkin's] head."

Harness racing analysts speculate that no matter what happens to Niznaron, voted 1987's three-year-old Pacer of the Year by the U.S. Trotting Association, he'll become a horse to prize money. "He's generations ahead of his time," says harness-racing Hall of Famer Delvin Miller. Niznaron holds seven world records, including a time and 1:49 1/5 at the Red Mile in Lexington, Ky., 12 miles in 1:55 or better, 36 victories in 38 North American races. And when the superhorse coasted to a 4 1/2-length victory in the \$75,000 Greenwood Invitational, he set another world mark—\$2,000,713 in lifetime earnings. On average, every time Niznaron went to post, he came away with more than \$50,000. The only peer close to that mark is Rasmussen Willie, with earnings of \$2,000,000. However, what Rasmussen Willie has accumulated over the past nine years, Niznaron excelled in two.

The Berger-Galkin team have been repeatedly approached to sell off their remaining 50-per-cent interest in Niznaron. Mrs. Berger received one offer of \$5 million. "A lot of horsemen don't think Niznaron's career as a racehorse will continue beyond this year," says Greenwood track announcer Earl Lennon. "Niznaron has no more to achieve. He's done it all."

Berger and Galkin's speculate, however, that Niznaron, nicknamed "The Rock," won't reach his real potential until next year. "All the greatest horses have raced at four-year-olds and shown their best times," says 72-year-old Berger. Putting gains of the past have retired to a life of idle luxury only after extraordinary performance. "He's never indicated close encounters with their equine rivals Niznaron, out of Alabaster and Niagara Dream, has never been clearly

it to his throne. It was in 1948 that George Harburt said, "Tall horses make short sides." Harburt could never have predicted the reaction of one sign-changing colt at Greenwood after Niznaron left the field of pursuers behind. "Nowadays, a short male makes a short career." And it would be a pity for one who thrives his crown with no other to not charge across the finish line next season and show the world a reign it's peak. ☐

ty'pewriter (-pri-) n. Machine for writing in characters like those used in printing, by pressing keys to actuate steel types that strike paper through inked ribbon; (arch.) typist. [f. TYPE¹ + WRITER]

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The dismal science's sunny side

Contradictions beset economists as their credibility takes a beating

By Roderick McQueen

Economists, like earnest election pollsters, are getting no one to be trusted to future-watch. The ones who do make some sense may not be getting any more accurate, but at least they are becoming more entertaining. One such wit is Gordon Rains of the University of Toronto. As a man who promotes government intervention in a hands-off conservative world, he can't afford to take himself

too seriously. When he predicts next year's number of housing starts, for example, he'll admit cautiously: "My secret confession is that I begin with the TV bulletin and make a marginal change to Bank of Canada Press in another odd crossover. He does not expect controls to return in 1981, but results has 1976 phenomenon. "Just because you're in trouble, you don't do something stupid." A mere two weeks later, the federal government brought in controls. When Rains looks ahead, he will say again: "I think you're in trouble, you don't do something stupid." "1980 will be like 1980 only more so."

It's a technique learned from a professor who used to point out that anyone who confidently said that tomorrow's weather will be like today's was likely to be 50 to 30 per cent more accurate than the weatherman.

That wise counsel came from Milton Friedman, a 1976 Nobel Prize-winner for economics and now a latter-day wit who is veritable almost comic than a serious. Friedman's light-moon theories have dominated U.S. economic policy for the five years since wage and price controls subsided. John Kenneth Galbraith fell out of favor. The conservative views of President-elect Ronald Reagan will ensure a perpetual Milton machine, with Canada remaining a small cog run from afar. Finance Minister Allan Rock, however, whose Budget has made him one of the heroes of Confederation, has hidden in the shadow of verbiage which includes an attack on U.S. monetarist policies as "dangerous." Living north of the U.S. is suddenly a wealth-hedged equivalent to



deficit. The total economy will be worth \$200 billion next year, yet Canada will likely stagger through the longest recession since 1964.

More contradictions. After countless job-creation programs, there will be one without unemployment after years of tight money, inflation may reach 15 per cent. At present rates of inflation, in the year 2000 a loaf of bread will cost \$6, a pair of instant coffee maybe \$50 and the car of tomorrow will cost the same as the house of today. As Vera, the often drunk and out-of-work actress in the musical Mame, says when the crash of '39 wipes out everyone else: "Thank God I never got anything made."

Through it all today, the speed of greed increases. On some days, options now equal equity value on the American Stock Exchange. That means people want to make instant money, preferring to invest in a vanishing asset rather than the long-term growth of a company. This season's best-selling business book is Douglas Casey's gloomy Cross

Investing The U.S., he says, will enter a depression far greater in scope than the 1930s—so later than 1980. It's a date conveniently far off to allow for maximum paperback sales. And the season's most sanguine may be the 30 Mac Point Elliott Trustee, who says that a little common sense and a re-ordering of priorities will stretch the food dollar.

The plain fact is that no one knows what to do about the economy in general or inflation in particular, least of all Gerald Boney, governor of the Bank of Canada, the House that Jack built. Asked after a meeting of provincial treasurers last week how he and his standard policies were removed, the good guy from Quebec said he "left to wild applause." Maybe they thought he was never coming back.

"Everybody's afraid of something," said the late Frank Graham as he interviewed Clyde Beatty, the lion and tiger trainer. "What are you afraid of?" Replied Beatty: "Don't tell anyone, but I'm afraid of these lions and tigers." These days, economists and policy planners face

the same dilemma. They can either freeze with a fear of the future they foresee, or they can adopt the what-give-a-heck attitude of Chicago Mayor and economist David Dinkins. Says he: "When we're dealing with a forecast in the future, we're not dealing with precision. We're dealing more in the realm of feeling and vision." Too much fantasy, apparently, for businessmen. A recent Gallup poll found that most chief executives give little weight to the views of economists, saying that forecasts have minor influence on company plans. Adams Profr Walter Helin, a University of Minnesota economist and adviser to Presidents John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. "It has gotten so bad that the Polish are telling economists jokes." Just another reminder that anyone who thinks economists are humorless has forgotten that Stephen Leacock was one. It's a good thing that even the best economists don't take themselves too seriously. No one else should either.



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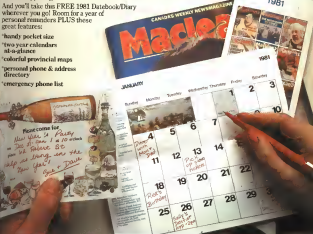
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Canadian Pacific's bid for Hobart may hit snags

By Gillian MacKay

Canadian companies have learned the hard way that making an unfriendly acquisition in the United States can be like walking temptation into the jungle. Canadian Pacific, Boustead Ltd. and Dominion Bridge Co. Ltd. are well-known firms which, in the past two years, have emerged from the dense tangle of multiple court actions and poisonous public scrapping with little but embarrassment and staggering legal bills. But despite the dangers, the lure of big game south of the border remains as potent as ever. Early last week, Canadian Pacific Enterprises (CPE) Inc. launched a \$200-million offer for all the common shares of Hobart Corp., the Ohio-based manufacturer of Kitchen-Aid appliances and commercial food equipment. Late Friday, the Hobart board advised that the "unsolicited offer," which is 65 per cent above the asset value of the shares, was "inadequate and not in the best interest of shareholders."

It was a replay of an all-too-familiar predicament. The investment community had been well aware that senior officials of CPE, the investment arm of Canadian Pacific, had been living out of their mansions in recent months, making scores in the United States in search of ways to spend the \$160 million (U.S.) raised in a stock offering last August. But the share of Hobart, a manufacturer with sales of \$602.2 million (U.S.) in 1979, was an unusual step for a company with major strengths in natural resources and transportation. The bid is further proof that the CP behemoth (sales figures of \$9.15 billion) is bent on diversifying into manufacturing and consumer products, following the path of its leader, the Canadian Pacific Ltd., a major food processing company.

Analysts detect a theme in the acquisition. For example, Hobart could team its marketing with that of Syncochem Chemical Corp., a CPE subsidiary which makes and sells commercial chemicals. And CP itself, with its fleet of kitchenware and hotels (the first U.S. hotel owned by a Canadian company in an obvious customer. Taken to the extreme, CP could serve Maple Leaf products on its own china which could then be displayed in its restaurants. There's no denying that the attraction of Hobart's annual growth rate of 12 per



CPE's Stenhouse. Hobart takeover bid game south of border, Canadian predicts

cent over the past five years, makes the acquisition attempt appear sound, though not spectacular. Says Peter van Oud, an investment analyst with Newberry Thomas Bond Inc. "I'm not jumping up and down about it now, but there may be more to it than meets the eye. One expects CP management to do their homework."

CP, which was rebuffed two years ago in a bid for Burger King, a large U.S. manufacturer of recreational boats, is certainly well prepared on legal and financial fronts. It has engaged one of New York's top legal specialists in mergers and acquisitions, Skadden, Arps, Slate, Morgan & Pless, the same firm that successfully defended Woodwards against Brazil's unfriendly bid in 1978. The investment firm managing the offer is First Boston Corp., which last month helped Pullman Inc. sell off a fleet of westerners with Western-Beyer-Pipe Inc. to avoid a hostile takeover attempt by McDermott Inc. With

ample experience in fighting unfriendly take-overs, these firms are in an excellent position to anticipate and counter any defence moves by Hobart.

Such moves have already begun. According to documents filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), David Meeker, president of Hobart, in a phone conversation on Dec. 18 told John Stenhouse, president of CPE, that merger talks would not be in the shareholders' interests. Two days later, when CPE announced its bid, Meeker technically committed it by placing large ads in business newspapers. Hobart had the courts put a temporary restraining order on the offer. The grounds were that CPE had contravened an Ohio law requiring a 30-day lag between the announcement and the commencement of an offer. On Thursday, CPE succeeded in getting both the order and the 30-day law (which contradicts SEC regulations) struck down, pending a hearing next week.

If Thursday's victory is upheld in next week's hearing, CPE can proceed, after an eight-day waiting period, to

buy up shares. Another possible barrier, however, is that Ohio securities regulators, or Hobart, can demand a separate hearing, which could drag on as late as Feb. 10. As the Hobart board put it, there will be "ample time" for shareholders to decide. Ample time as well for Hobart to launch defensive measures, including a search for a friendly partner. In other words, CPE has only taken a few steps into the jungle. Whether or not it emerges with its prize will depend to a large extent on how determined that prize is to resist capture. □

The sword and the shield

To hear him tell it, David Alderton is a man sure as steel against that sword. Indeed, to judge from the claims he has made in an extraordinary lawsuit for \$455,000 against two of the biggest banks and one of the biggest law firms in the country, the small Toronto land developer is an innocent victim. Between them, claims Alderton, the Royal Bank, Bank of Montreal and the Toronto law firm McMillan, Birch interfered so severely

with his "peaceful, friendly, and sound" development business in Toronto and eastern Ontario that he was driven into financial ruin and stripped of his "reputation in the business community."

That's his side of the story. The banks are wondering how they're ever going to recover about \$1.5 million in loans to this 35-year-old pack-of-all-leader. They are wondering what happened to funds advanced to complete approved projects which remain not yet fully developed. They are wondering about promises he wanted to transfer to a new corporation to another or into the name of another person. The law firm is wondering how Alderton can claim he received improper legal advice when, in fact, he often acted without any legal advice whatsoever.

So tangled and convoluted is the Alderton affair that the parties have already decided, after nearly a year of frustrating negotiations, to bury their differences and bring the matter to a close with an out-of-court settlement. What started as a contractual dispute claim by Alderton—which has had the Toronto banking and legal fraternities beating with gossip and speculation for several months—came to an end last week, short of the final signature on the settlement, in a pale shadow of the crisis it had appeared for so long to be.

Altering publicity and closely monitored court being prosecuted in a lawsuit, the banks have positively refused to discuss the case ("It's not your business," says a spokesman for the bank). Nor will the "disgruntled" lawyer David Mangrove's response to questioned Toronto's settlement, claiming it is finished, may eventually look out, but for now the banks—and Alderton—are completely

stuck. It adds that the banks are prepared to forgive Alderton's bad debts and "take up his additional mortgage funds—carefully screen this time—provided Alderton drops his suit against the three defendants. "If we took this approach, it would certainly not be a retreat," says Eric Murray, the chief counsel to the banks. A note for McMillan, Birch and thought to be the key negotiator in moving all parties toward a settlement. "If the matter proceeds to court, the parties together may be looking at \$350,000 or more in litigation. Who's going to pay that? Not Alderton, that's for sure."

What started out as the most talked-about law case of the year appears likely to end up simply as a statistic in the banks' bad-debts ledgers. The Royal, for example, owed \$198 million worldwide last year. Alderton's \$500,000-or-so was simply start the new year's totals—though there is evidence that the bank may want to tighten up as well as what appeared to be a casual slapping of the president. The partly responsible for the Alderton affair in the first place. For low fees, the Alderton affair generated a genuine sense of fear—showing what is potentially devastating effect a mere series of negligent claims could have on a particularly large, high-profile, high-profile case in the insurance coverage.

"There was no single side to blame," confides one involved banker. Nor was anyone blameless.

—ANDREW THORNTON

Home to roost

The thing about Col. Sanders was that he was real. You would never bump into Barry Cracker, Chicago's Bannock or the Jolly Green Giant. Even Ronald McDonald is not a mannequin at, at best, someone dressed up. But the Colonel was real flesh and blood. In fact, he lived for a time in Massachusetts, Gettysburg, where he and all his

best work, at 90, Col. Sanders died, leaving a legacy that helped transform the food industry in North America. Finger-holds' good Kentucky Fried Chicken, made from the Colonel's secret recipe of 11 herbs and spices, not only paved the way for North America's post-war fast-food phenomenon, but propelled the image of the Colonel himself, along with his signposts, pyramids and down-home bonhomie, deep into Canadian and U.S. pop culture.

Founded by the Colonel himself, he was 65, the Kentucky Fried Chicken empire—now numbering more than 6,000 food outlets worldwide—long ago passed out of his direct control. U.S. operations now belong to Heublein Inc., the staffing conglomerate. In Canada,



Sanders' Kyring chicken: finger-holds' good. Pygmy and down-home bonhomie

the Colonel maintained a separate group of franchisees, converting the holding company into a charitable foundation in 1988. All franchisees now are privately owned—the largest, black, about half, by Scott's Restaurants Company, which is based in Toronto. The company is licensing fees to the foundation, which last year donated about \$1 million to charities. Close to 30 million plates will be dished in secret hours this year to benefit 100 children across Canada, with sales of about \$300 million. That's well below projected sales of more than \$500 million by McDonald's Restaurants of Canada, which has succeeded Kentucky Fried Chicken through over 100 franchises, making it the largest of the North American preference for hamburgers over chicken. But Kentucky Fried continues to hold second place in the Canadian fast-food lineup, in spite of the continuing assault from pizza, subs, Mexican and other cuisines. The old master won't be here to see the next round of changes. As of last week, the white-haired southern gentleman, waving with his boys from a pair of overalls patterned chicken bouillabaisse, became a North American entrepreneurial legend.

—A W

Casting out the navy blues



GARY NURBEY at Montreal port. Nurbey sheds a new golden age, slipping on ice

By David Thomson

Shipping executive Frank Nurbey was mulling over his scheme to supply a jolt of future shock to his traditional-bound industry. What has vision of a computer-controlled, door-to-door container service needed was a name, a catchy acronym. As Nurbey prowled the waterfront streets of Old Montreal, his reverie was shattered by a sign on a patch of ice. There the melting Nurbey got a broken leg kicked in place and the name he was seeking: **CART**.

That was 12 years ago, and since then **CART**—which stands for Canadian Atlantic Sea Transport—has smashed the record of cargo shipments and is gaining its golden age for the parts of the St. Lawrence River. In the midst of a race war that has killed four North Atlantic shipping fleets in the past eight months, **CART** tries to double its customer capacity by 1990 from the 96,000 containers shipped through Montreal last year, while this month getting ahead with major expansion in its newly acquired end shipment facilities as well. With no

vessels under construction in Yugoslavia and South Korea to replace the current fleet, it intends to sink even more of the competition. Bigger ships having long-range basins of untested of direct fuel and **CART**'s microwave pricing system based on the container and not its contents will, Nurbey hopes, give **CART** the lowest cost per box on the Atlantic. The northeastern and midwestern United States use the tentative **CART** costs, though it reluctantly intends to restrict North American customer operation to Montreal. **CART** is ascending Montreal to its status as a major world port—and using U.S. cargo to do it.

Though discounts are all Canadian—Ben Webster of Toronto, CN and Nurbey himself, who controls it with 61 percent of its stock—**CART** is a multinational international group incorporated in Bermuda, while Nurbey and the operating headquarters of the parent Beromax Shipping Ltd. are in Fribourg, Switzerland. And the **CART** ship *Delphin*, like the company's entire fleet, is foreign. From the crew's galley to the flag at its stern, the sails under British

officers, is crewed by Hong Kong Chinese and is registered in London. **CART**'s seven container vessels and 12 air-built oil combination carriers comprise the biggest Canadian-owned merchant fleet on the seas—more of its home-registered, surrounded as crewed.

The 52-year-old Egyptian-born Nurbey, who speaks with a refined British accent, immigrated to Canada in 1954 and stayed until 1970, when tax laws made it more desirable to run a shipping company from landlocked Switzerland. From his Fribourg office, Nurbey and he would shift his headquarters home if Canadian tax laws could match those of Bermuda and Switzerland. "Canada should simply say shipping is an international, wide-open business and that the strength of deep-sea ships will not be taxed. It's the only way it could be done. Does that shock you?"

Such delighted banter at the established order have marked **CART**'s rapid climb to sixth place in the North Atlantic container trade. When, in 1976, Nurbey disputed the amount of his annual fees to the Montreal Port Employers Association, he argued his point by simply ignoring **CART**'s customer terminal in Halifax for three months, with a compromise settled matters. The line also trumpets its independence from the shipping cartels or "conferences," which set standard rates based on complex formulas of weight and types of freight. **CART** cuts down on its paperwork by issuing its charges on distance door-to-door no matter what or how much cargo is made the box. **CART** will pick up a 40-metric ton container in Chicago with its own truck, load it to Montreal by rail, ship to Antwerp and then, 20 days later, deliver it by road to Frankfurt, Germany, for \$2,343. The advantage to the customer is that **CART** managers handle the container from cradle to grave, ignoring the agents and red tape typical of conventional shipping. A single invoice covers the entire transaction.

Not content with the \$300-million expansion of its container service, **CART**'s general cargo business is also on the move. With a fleet of U.S. coasters, causing average waits of five weeks for vessels loading at Hampton Roads, Va., **CART** intends to make Quebec City a major port terminal for lakes and sea-going ships. Immediately, **CART** will upgrade its coasters to meet its new, sea-going ship this month. With CN, it envisages construction of a terminal for all coal trades which would carry coal directly from U.S. mines to deep-sea ports. Much of that coal will be carried by **CART**'s own ships. If that is not enough, there will be little trouble for the fleet in Canadian, except for its name commemorating a bad ship on a Montreal strand. ☐

LIFESTYLES

The jet set's soaring style

Beneath the confection of golden lives lies the need to work at pleasure



By Barbara Amiel

They have either a year-round ice or an eternal holiday. Perhaps that's why they attract so much attention. They live on fantasies—the confection and fluff of golden lives. And they merit more attention because they are at times a barometer of popular cultural values and lifestyle. It's a curious mixture, says author and psychobiologist Andrew Malcolm, "to believe that these people called jet-setters or 'lifestyle models' are in fact the people setting the trends. Society sets them. The trend-setters register them. They are simply the needle on the dial, not the cause of the needle move."

As they have been throughout history. What we know of the values of other periods comes from reading about the trend-setters of times past—until this century almost exclusively kings, aristocrats and members of the court. The widest range of portraits from Alexander Pope to Tim Wolfe have appeared for posterity the values, or lack of them, Canada is no different. Part of the culture's goals and meanings are there to be extracted from the gentle whooshings of jet set.

They all work. Today there isn't a jet-setter to be found who doesn't have a

career, to have escaped the constraints of family, career and money that order the lives of the rest of us.

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Kathie and Stan (seated) a glossy magazine life of love and diamonds

job that is "addicting." Some are so distressed by the unshakable hedonism of the old-style crowd that they are almost underground jetters—if that wasn't such a contradiction in terms. "I don't see myself as a jet-setter," says Toronto's Richard G. Wood, a Harvard grad and world traveler. "That's a term for hedonistic jet-setters who have local culture as a playground."

It all sounds awfully responsible for a 30-year-old bachelor currently making time rather pleasantly as the organizer of several informal tours, even one with Wood's anthropological bent. Still, what such attitudes reflect is the potency of the currently chic work ethic. "I don't spend time lying around beaches just relaxing," insists 46-year-old Umberto Menghi, a Vancouver real-estate broker whose parties include "spontaneous picnics" in which happy participants are about in balloons until they find the perfect spot to descend and nibble on wieners. "Travel is for work, a constant checking up on wine sellers and pianos."

No one is idle, not for a moment, even when ballrooming or on vineyards or seas-

THE JET SET

during the hills of Sri Lanka. They are absorbing, appreciating, contributing. It is simply unbelievable to drift. Work has social cachet. Gloria Vanderbilt sells jeans. "I'm doing this to pay my heating bill," said Margaret Trudeau when opening a Montreal shopping complex this month. "And because I find it wonderful to meet people."



Erikson (left). Glaser (above). Glaser simply fits the needs on the dirt, not the cause of it moving

response to the egotism of the age. One of the dominating characteristics of our times," says political science professor John Rudolph of York University, "is the feeling that having more money is in some way inherently superior." Meanwhile, the Calgary polo set is saving their millions in India, Australia, England—even China, says Francisco (El Presidente) Charles Hetherington, president of the El Dorado Polo Club in Palm Desert, Calif. "Financially, polo doesn't cost much. All we really have is the extra bill."

Money is declared. If the Canadian jet set is united by the hypothesis of being productive members of the father-son team, there is also a strong measure of agreement on the negligible role of money in their lives—together with a lifestyle that depends on cash on hand.

It's true that money alone is no excuse. The few millionaires means little in jet-set terms. In Calgary, a city in which money collects in pools, there are few jet-setters. Saddle-paw bedroppers and \$50,000 black acrylic bathlites are not enough. The few Californians who may qualify for inclusion from their leisure time on the pursuit of the ideal polo game they feel about the tradition of their stables while loitering in Paris. But the polo players themselves want to downplay the idea that anything more than enthusiasm and balance is required. "Our families are very modest," says Bill Daniels, past president of the 80-year-old Calgary Polo Club, as he talks about the preppy buildings and low maintenance costs he declines to reveal the sum.

The attitude that seeks to maximize exclusivity, even, in part at least, a



looked about 15 years old. I calculated that the best thing to do was to say 'no' to a dinner date and 'yes' to lunch."

The romance has lasted three years. "I prefer to give than to receive," says Stern, whose gifts to Khoshdel included birthday suits she wrote and recorded in a Paris studio. "He's like an arrow passing through/Hell's south year life and dreams come through/Hell's poor cake and eat it too/No one could take your place, who could enter after you."

Stern's life has become a glossy magazine existence of parties, lux, diamonds, a 2,500-franc-a-month apart-



ment next door to one of Khoshdel's houses and satellite trips to Ilana, Monaco or Riyadh. It even brought her into the sports-elite resorts of St. Ives. In 1978, she was skiing in Val, Cal., as a guest of Pierre Elliott Trudeau—an acquaintance renewed late last month at a private dinner party for Trudeau at the Paris home of South Arabian entrepreneur Adnan Ogh. "That was a wonderful evening," muses Stern, adding thoughtfully, "after dinner we all went swimming."

Like a great deal of paradise, St. Ives has beguiled and belocked through the lopsided social scene of Paris and Britain, admired by all. Perhaps her conversations of frenetic, almost unbearable intensity reveal the strain of being a constant bird of paradise. Possibly it is a response to her restless existence.

Unlike anthropology major Neesh, Stern's curiosity about the culture of the world she sees in her travels from letters in Paris to dreams in St. Ives has an academic hue. But with the jet-set enthusiasm for a career, Stern is taking lessons—singing, acting, dancing and tennis. By one, she sits at her piano, equipped with one of those chambers ("just a chunky one, not expensive") and some songs. At night she lives her Paris Match life, full of party tales and carry-overs on that she would live there back home in Woodbridge.

Or would it? If anything, ordinary se-

The world is a friendly playground for them to climb, conquer and explore

city has caught up with the jet-setters in this one area. The outrageous serial and marital escapades that were always the prerogative of the glimmer classes of society, from Cleopatra to Barbara Hutton or Bettina and Roberto, are now pretty much the stuff of Pierre-Charles or Bernard. Serial monogamy, common-law arrangements, heterosexual encounters and so on, are by no means unknown in middle-class life. The only difference, perhaps, is that jet-setters have the funds to make such things as divorce easier—or more high-profile. In Vancouver, residents watched with astonishment this month as wheelchair dealer Nelson Shalabas had his eight-bedroom, eight-bedroom house with swimming pool and guest cottages auctioned off piece by piece until virtually nothing was left but the filtered bricks and board picked clean by scavenging buyers. The reason, with No 2440 and after a Creek villa in the same location (instead of the French-provincial home that had formerly belonged to Charles (Chuck) Woodward.

Still, there is some disdain for this sort of West Coast. "If you've got it, flaunt it" vulgarity among the eastern contingent. "Shalabas? Kankel? Capovelli?" says Toronto's Vanitart. "I don't believe I know these people. But I don't think ostentation is part of the jet-set life. I remember a lady who came into my interior design shop in Toronto and she looked so dowdy in her shapeless broad suit that I thought I'd better avoid the luxury fabrics and show her the sale suits. Finally, she threw her hands up in the air. 'For God's sake, Shalabas! She said, 'I'm wearing my best-watching clothes.' Well, you can be either the bird or the watcher."

Spontaneity is almost everything. Douglas Leppard's style is Montreal, not Paris. He does not dress, he consumes. Street clothing may be jodhpurs or a Japanese kimono. Parties are stacked up each evening like plates circling Kennedy airport. Leppard arrives at each late and leaves early.

He began as a nice Westmonte Jewish boy and landed among the media and partying until he first heard his society mother whisper "Paris." (Paris is the one constant in every jet-setter's itinerary. They yearn for it, gravitate to it, their curiosity is insatiable. He admits it.) Leppard, now 27, perfected his Oxford-accented French there and came back to "do" public relations. He ended up with a higher profile than his clients and is now a fixture on CMTV (cable), his talk is spoken in a very naive, postcolonial, "best to travel"



Leppard (above) and with Mary Jones, no borders, just locations

by Leppard's energy, in one month this year she travelled to New York three times and paid single visits in Washington, Beirut, Spain, Rio de Janeiro—for her birthday—and Austria. Spontaneity, Leppard-style, sent her off to find the faded blue map of the Sahara Desert, an impulse ended only when the jeep carrying the intrepid five-months-pregnant adventurer hit a rock. Back to Marrakech, Leppard staged up into the chic Hamman, in her turquoise maternity pantsuit to find Douglas Leppard lounging by the pool reading English Vogue. Two sports-season jet-setters had met.

Toronto's Catherine Leppard, 32, born in Rio de Janeiro to Canadian parents who were looking after family business (Braniff Travel Ltd., later to become Braniff), grew up sitting on a Louis Vuitton steamer trunk. By the time she was back in Canada the world had no borders, just locations. This daughterly attitude to travel is matched

by Leppard's energy, in one month this year she travelled to New York three times and paid single visits in Washington, Beirut, Spain, Rio de Janeiro—for her birthday—and Austria. Spontaneity, Leppard-style, sent her off to find the faded blue map of the Sahara Desert, an impulse ended only when the jeep carrying the intrepid five-months-pregnant adventurer hit a rock. Back to Marrakech, Leppard staged up into the chic Hamman, in her turquoise maternity pantsuit to find Douglas Leppard lounging by the pool reading English Vogue. Two sports-season jet-setters had met.

This constant floating pattern of consumer, however, has its drawbacks. Densification is not a feature of the social style of the set. Said an observer at Leppard's Christmas ball this year: "I've been coming here for three years and I recognize only one other regular." Styles vary according to the province



of origins. Anglo-Canadians in rooms adorned with antiques and the pertinent values. Montrealers do seem to thrive on Leopold's sort of eccentricity. "If I bring a handsome young boy with me to a party," he comments, "Montreal women will come up to me and say, 'What a beautiful body.' Do that in Toronto and 600 women will stop drinking tea." In Vancouver, says social commentator Desny Reid, "It's more of a jock-out mentality than a jet-set one." B.C. women do tend to be heavy Champagne is qualified like beer. Vava, Vancouver's newest in-spot, owned by Bud Kanker, is said to sell more Dean Cain than any other place in Canada (he comes a week at \$90 a pop). Fewer fringes mean rather than tattered underlife. When gambling goes on between the high-rollers it is more likely over a game of rummy than poker.

But the concern of the age do creep into jet-set life. Twenty years ago training the Angles was the style. Today's Canadians are more likely, it is Toronto's Scott Griffin or Pierre Trudeau, to show white teeth in the Arctic or to feel, as Richard Marsh's does, that one must "enter a culture as an organic whole, and be careful not to take anything away from it." Much emphasis is put on the necessity to "work at pleasure." Toronto's Norman Elder, the extraordinary explorer and author (*The Thing of Darkness*) is probably the only member of Canada's jet set who every letter agrees to a member.

Today a jet-setter may pretend to be more concerned of work and leisure than they actually are. Catherine Leggett wants it clearly understood that much of her travelling is done for business (she's a director and translator for a large U.S. manufacturer with international business). But people won't think she's frivolous. Douglas Leopold wants it known that not a penny of the money that supports his lifestyle comes from his family.

But paying even lip service to sobriety, hard work and conservation, whether for self-image or the tax man's benefit, is at least a recognition of other values. Hypocrisy is Oscar Wilde's definition "the tribute that vice pays to virtue"—it is not necessarily a bad thing. It is certainly more refreshing than the quickie belief held by high society as recently as a couple of generations ago that all play and no work were the signs of genuine superiority. ☐

Who's who in the jet set

The birds of paradise who are barometers of popular culture

Relief **Beyr** part of the international jet set ever since he left Montreal Flat for Rome Award-winning photographer, specialist in turning entire countries into coffee tables. Currently working on Egypt.

Johnnie de Brabant a vice-president of Dior in Montreal. Separated from



Capozzi (top left), Chenet (bottom left), Vancouver: 'the jet set' evokes images of chubby travellers walling across borders with sleek liquidity

buried den, but continuing to move in interesting circles.

John de Brabant Montreal lawyer in the circles Johnnie interests.

Herb Capozzi inherited \$12 million from the family, after which he started making real money. New owner of the Vancouver Whitecaps and leader of the Vancouver jock set.

Rosemary Peay Chisholm, remembered for her Hammer, Borer social columns in the old Toronto Telegram revealing all about the Duchons of Windsor's current accounts. Lives in Toronto (sometimes) and Courtenay (sometimes) and in Scottsdale (at other times).

Leopold Cohen poet and movie idol of international stature in everything but his beliefs.

Teller Greenblatt the Canadian soul on ice. Also a painter and collector of angels, carpets and other objects d'art.

Norman Elder everybody would like to be Norman Elder, author, explorer and former captain of the Canadian expedition team. Perhaps even the jet set who lives at his house.

Arthur Eriksson to find out all about the awards-winning Vancouver architect. See *The News* Friday, June 4, 1978, page, for 27 consecutive pages.

Verlie Gibson very beautiful, a Vancouverer, former broke by while taking with Trudeau, then winning eternal jet-set status.

David Gilmore started out by developing Carleton with partner Peter Black, now involved in lucrative real estate ventures with London-based Southern Pacific Properties.

Berbara Gordon Vancouver restaurateur who has Canada's only 100 Euros Pils. Not a dancer, but a fine Italian cook.

Scott Griffin president of Mercedes Canada, a vintage aerial company. Loves deserts, tundra, strong and sex.



censoring. Shuts white waters but doesn't eat them.

Bud Kanker owner of Vava, the newest Vancouver in-spot. A junior petter.

Catherine Leggett jet-setter by birth. Formerly founded Brandon Tracton. Friends call her "pumpkin" but she's actually dressed, formerly coffee, God alone knows what would happen to her in a hurricane.

Douglas Leopold Montreal TV and radio personality. Has six telephones with six unlisted numbers. Complains that nobody ever calls him.

Umberto Menghi has given birth to five restaurants in Vancouver and is exporting another.

George Minnow partner in Minden & Co. Major Ours (in, selling corporate cars). Likes wearing things. Bought Toronto's Windsor Arms Hotel from the golfers and turned it into the in-out.

place in town. Almost rescued British Aston Martin sports-car company once.

Richard G. Meech young, good-looking, serious Torontoian. Likes nature, relatively inspired by Western influences, but says short of Canadianism. Currently organizing special-interest tours.

Peter Monk Toronto entrepreneur, partner of David Gilmore. Together they control assets of \$20 million (less \$6 million they lost to *Answer Book* when he used their new hotel development under the pyramids). No jet set in complete without a Hungarian. Monk is it.

N.A.D. Oliver Vancouver criminal lawyer making a last stand for elegance and virtue in a world bent by jack-suits with raised hips or jet-setters with the jargon of raised social consciousness.

Jeannette Stewart wife of Montreal



Trudeau, her current bride, Jim Johnson, and Leopold (top left), Cohen at home (left), Cohen in the air, the happening, the opportunity is it.

shipping. Now John Stewart. Dresses, dresses.

Gordon Wilson buyer for Holt Renfrew. Justly inspired. She dresses. Bizarre.

Nelson Skibben doesn't mind material possessions. Thirties, eight, eight, 35-metre yacht and the odd little. Royce. Lives quietly in Vancouver. Last year he bought a house. Last year for his eldest daughter's 20th birthday.

Anne-Marie Stein daughter of a Woodbridge, Ont., chemical manufacturer, she started modelling in Toronto, but Prize made her.

Margaret Trudeau as writer.

Pierre Trudeau used to be married in Shanghai.

Shelagh Venetoff sister of David Gilmore, whom at any time as a partner of Peter Monk. Owner of Blah-blah's, a Toronto fashion store for that jet-setters who don't own one themselves.

Murray White Vancouver stockbroker. Like many of us, prefers to go first-class. Unlike many of us, he does. The other day he bought a 1961 Rolls Royce. Worth from an Indian prince for \$85,000. —B.A.

More than food for the hungry

For some people politics have made it all but impossible to help

By Barbara Amiel

The cover of the Nov. 16 issue of *The New York Times Magazine* was all Ugandan children, their bleached bellies stretched tight over legs too thin to carry even those wasted, thin as a child, was crying tears had rolled from his eyes and nose down onto his chest, while his arms, shrunken terribly, stretched his body in the self-embrace of automatic old men. Canadians who would not only give, but give aid to these desperate people but consider such action a threat (imperialism or attack on democracy). Politics have made it all but impossible to help.

There are two things that can be done about hunger: relieve its symptoms or attack its causes. It is difficult to disagree with self-agency, who conclude that the only long-term hope is a moral approach. The problem comes when one discovers that major public and private relief organizations have identified, either by misconception or omission, Marxist-socialism as the road to ending famine.

They write in a current appeal, "To win our country at its roots, instead of just treating its symptoms." And it is based more on changing the relationship of people and the power structure. Oxfam's special talent is locating the offensive groups and helping them gain influence. There is, according to Oxfam, one three Marxist-socialist groups: the Patriotic Front (Zimbabwe), Frontline (Mozambique) and SWAPO (Namibia). The introduction and murder of innocent men, women and children by these groups number in the thousands. That Oxfam may have become a straightforward collection agency for Marxist terrorists is a matter of despair but not surprising to those of us who have watched its evolution into a relief group apparently as hungry for power and for elimination of "revolution" as its supposed clients are for corn and milk. But Oxfam, at least, relies mainly on voluntary contributions.

Transfers support Marxism in Africa through such government organizations as Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA)—which, perhaps not by intention, arrives at the same result as Oxfam by giving millions of dollars in aid without trying to do any consideration of the countries' economic or political structure. CIDA's guidelines relate to the extension of oil contracts ("pay Canada" clauses) which are relevant to the problems of Africa. The result is that often we give aid to

to civil liberties (at least it influences them). The trouble is (A) it doesn't, and (B) the same, with far more truth, could have been said for colonialism but by now no one would see that as a defence of white colonial Africa. Marxism is an economic failure. Poland is about to explode because of it. The collective farms of the U.S.S.R. produce an average of 5.5 tons of grain per farmer versus 50 tons for his American equivalent. In Africa, multiplying socialist systems destroy agricultural self-sufficiency and send peasants fleeing from collective farms, as in Mozambique, or reduce profitable export crops, as with cocoa in Ghana, where additional economic measures have included physical destruction of markets and flooding of women traders. Our aid seems useful only to finance bloody tribal and ideological wars, as Dr. Stephen Bekhe, former director of the West African World Food Program, charged, to fill the pockets of corrupt officials.

Starvation is not, of course, an invention of neo-colonial thought, but ideological nonsense—though the inability to handle it does—and if Marxism were to magically either away it would not end starvation in the world. It may, however, make it possible to start thinking about real solutions. In the meantime we should not send donations to such organizations as Oxfam to support more Marxist guerrillas or let our governments through CIDA send grants to finance terrorism on spending tours. When confronted by hunger under regimes we abhor, we should show some faith in our own institutions and directly administer our own aid. We should not be mis-manned, as the International Monetary Fund (IMF) was this year by Tanzania's Nyerere who rejected as "colonial" any conditions of economic reform tied to his latest \$200-million loan. The IMF responded.

We should interest no longer. African children know nothing of politics, only the slow twisting pain of starvation. These need is the latest paper of our will and morality.

Ugandan child famine has no ideology

the very forces that are perpetuating hunger—as in Tanzania, which, as a World Bank paper pointed out, has critically harmed its agricultural output by forced co-operatives and peasant resettlement programs in the great environment of socialism. Says the report, "As long as food aid (or long-term loans for food purchases) is supplied to Tanzania by the industrial nations, the social experiment will continue."

Admittedly, even in a white Canada ends up giving money to beggars, and right-wing dictators like the deposed Emperor Bokassa's Central African Empire, but by now many black-ruled African countries are Marxist socialist of one sort or another. Giving aid to such economic systems is the power of evil.

Looking at pictures of corpses lined like diseased furniture or mutant lops, one could understand the argument that it doesn't matter what socialism might do

to civil liberties (at least it influences them). The trouble is (A) it doesn't, and (B) the same, with far more truth, could have been said for colonialism but by now no one would see that as a defence of white colonial Africa. Marxism is an economic failure. Poland is about to explode because of it. The collective farms of the U.S.S.R. produce an average of 5.5 tons of grain per farmer versus 50 tons for his American equivalent. In Africa, multiplying socialist systems destroy agricultural self-sufficiency and send peasants fleeing from collective farms, as in Mozambique, or reduce profitable export crops, as with cocoa in Ghana, where additional economic measures have included physical destruction of markets and flooding of women traders. Our aid seems useful only to finance bloody tribal and ideological wars, as Dr. Stephen Bekhe, former director of the West African World Food Program, charged, to fill the pockets of corrupt officials.

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ADVERTISING

For a good promo, call...

Right, Toronto, this time Vancouver's brass ladies of the night have gone on for you! There's a message here in call some women named Shirley, and when I do just listen to what I get.

"It's just a phone sex, meaning up the copper wire. I'm not glad your friend gave me my private number. I'm one of the smooth ones. We're all in one room, and interested in the right people coming to see us."

More than 30,000 voyeuristic Vancouverites called up "Shirley" or her male counterparts in telephone parlance, "Greg," by early December. Only at the very end of the November did the Vancouver Police Department had all been a case-on for the Ford Motor Company's new Escort advertisement, sponsored by Barclay's Eagle Ford dealership.

The "unattended" "Did-As-Ad"



Focus: Attention on the telephone

campaign to the creation of Vancouver's newly formed National Telephone Service General Manager Bruce Fowler, an ex-400 jersey, admits the concept is not original but claims others haven't explained the "personal" nature of the telephone. "We've built a better 'Did-As-Ad,'" he boasts. "Now we're just waiting for the world to take a path to our door."

Judging by the success of the Greg and Shirley campaign, they may not have to wait long. Stan Haines, general manager of Eagle Ford, says Escort sales have more than doubled since his staff left a mere 40 messages in late October for women to call Greg and men to phone Shirley. Remarkably, word of mouth is the only technique used to spread the word for the society message around town.

The less-than-ideal selection of Greg and Shirley is ideal for providing potential customers down the path to our ownership, since the callers are a selling as well as a captive audience. "People call when they're relaxed and receptive to hear anything," says Fowler. "They initiate the call when they're ready to hear the commercial." As a bonus, the tapes are the hit of the West Coast party season: after the lines are busy as late as 3 a.m.

Meanwhile, leaving a good guesswork when they hear one National Telephone has already said Greg and Shirley to a Winnipeg car dealership, and hopes to open lines in other Canadian and U.S. centres soon. And Eagle Ford is hoping within a year to get the word out a local Nevada brothel called Mustang, such as its part in a campaign for the Mustang car.

—JOHN MANNING

My son, the reader.

I just found out my kid has a heart. He joined the MS READ-a-thon, the program that lets our children read their favorite books, and parents, friends—anyone, donate a few cents for every book they read.

Last year the kids raised more than \$2 million to help find a cure for multiple sclerosis, the mysterious cripple of young adults.

Maybe our children can help find a cure for this terrible disease in their lifetime. Find out how your child can participate. Write to the MS READ-a-thon, 130 Bloor Street West, Suite 700, Toronto M5S 1N5 or call (416) 922-5695.

Join the MS READ-a-thon.
Let's all search for the cure.



MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS SOCIETY OF CANADA

Millions of tiny time capsules soon to come due

As the baby boom ages the future looks grim

THE BIG GENERATION

by John Kettle
(McClelland and Stewart, \$14.95)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

by Landon J. Jones
(Macdonald Pines, \$10.95)

The fertility of Canadians (expressed as births per woman) has declined steadily every year from the first European settlement in Canada in 1604—except for the breeding frenzy of the years 1961 to 1966. In those 15 years, baby-making boomed and a swelling multitude came forth. An average of 400,000 children were born every year, almost double the annual birth-rate for the rest of the century. The excess does not seem all that alarming. But, according to futurist consultant John Kettle, author of *The Big Generation*, these 4,561,500 surviving Canadians have already destroyed the Canadian school system. They will never be fully employed. They will earn less than their parents. Many will opt for a home-based lifestyle. Half of their children will grow up with a single parent. And they will certainly bankrupt the *Old Canada Pension Plan*.

Armed with a lively talent for exposition and a clear prose style blessedly free of sociological jargon, Kettle has set out to write a sort of biography of this unexpectedly large generation. At the same time, Landon Jones, a former education editor at *Time* magazine, has attempted a portrait of the 76 million Americans born between 1946 and 1964. Both authors offer similar analyses of the generations up to the present. They differ in their extrapolations about what the future holds.

Now, futurists like Kettle are much given to flouting deft little statistics of someone which they term "scenarios." It is easy to dismiss these extrapolations about the future based on statistics from the past because they often renege with generalizations often cited to CloudCuckooLand than to Earth. It is even easier to pick-poke futurists in the wild, especially when they pontificate in a manner Don Quixote would, as does Herman Kahn. There is no such venerable bubble-bubble in Kettle's book. He is a masterly synthesizer. His



overview of the '60s and '70s as experienced by this generation of Canadians is fascinating popular sociology.

For instance when this oversized generation burst upon the Canadian high school system during the '60s, new school buildings sprouted everywhere, like mould on a stale Turkey. Prospective high school teachers were hurried through quixotic pedagogical summer courses. The student bodies were consequently badly taught. They then moved on, leaving empty schools behind them. But adversity was no letter. A generation that wanted easy success found their fate was worthless as job-getting devices. PhDs from fancy Enrolment Expansion Government grants to universities trickled to a drip-drip. The few fortunate who did, found unions, bleated for instant tenure. "Over the next five years," Kettle guesses, "thousands of professors will be fired." Some academics with tenure will emerge being snubbed from the tenure. But they will be the older people. Young minds will be buried. He quotes one dean: "I have a faculty that is aging in place."

Kettle also takes a synoptic ponder at

the nuclear family in cathedrines, at drugs, television, urbanization, political cynicism and the mounting generational rage at lack of jobs. Then the future arrives. By 1985, expenditures from the Canada Pension Plan will crimp up with income. "It is not a funded plan," explains Kettle, "that is, the amount you and your employer pay will not cover the amount you expect to get out in retirement." It was designed on the assumption that the population would go on growing forever, that there would always be more people coming in at the bottom than leaving at the top, and that everyone was going to get richer and richer. These assumptions are false. By the year 2000, says Kettle, the Canada Pension Fund will be bankrupt.

Landon Jones's *Great Expectations: America and the Baby Boom Generation* is fuller with examples, offering analysis of the '60s, '60s and '70s in the United States. The book could well be a text for introductory course in pop American history. But Jones is not as clear as Kettle about the future. "The task of the baby boom," says Jones, "just to make, if not the perfect society, then the perfect person." Struck dumb in the middle of Reaganism, on a copy perch at *People* magazine, Mr. Jones predicts a happy time to come. Throughout the booming postwarlands will flow tolerance, migration and acceptance. Well, sure, sure, damn. And Kettle does too—he thinks his *Big Generation* will radically alter the tenor of Canadian culture. But he also thinks it will be a simple command of all futuristic: think and act now.

—BLAISE CARLISLE

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Cement, Mortimer* (C)
- 2 *The Boy in Rehearsal, Fabelo* (C)
- 3 *Firestorm, King* (M)
- 4 *The Ghost of Africa, Stevenson* (C)
- 5 *Beast of Anarchy, Stelton* (C)
- 6 *Twelve Years and Nine Months, Burt* (M)
- 7 *Vision as Time, MacLennan* (C)
- 8 *Flamingo, Jorg* (C)
- 9 *Arakawa, MacLean*
- 10 *The Third Transgression, Tompkins*

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Northern Negro, Gray* (U)
- 2 *Common, Sagan* (U)
- 3 *Confessions of Canada, 1612-1913, Brown* (C)
- 4 *Crisis in Western, Gung* (U)
- 5 *The Chinese, Fung* (M)
- 6 *The Little Sanjigueros, Sagan* (U)
- 7 *Landscape, Davies* (C)
- 8 *The New Canadian Youth and Environment, Gung* (M)
- 9 *Myself and Myself, MacLean*
- 10 *Peter the Hermit, Mortimer* (C)

(C) Paperback (M) hard

All's well that ends well . . . for now

A Canadian is finally en route to Stratford, but theatre still has no guidance on the issues

By Mark Carmichael

If Canadian theatre offered a sword for most surprising performance, 1980's hands-down winner would be the Stratford Festival's board of governors. Last week for its grand finale, in response to intense pressure from the theatre community, the Canada Council, the Ontario Arts Council and the federal immigration department to hire a Canadian as artistic director, the board ended months of strife and speculation by unanimously overruling its earlier appointment of Englishman John Dexter in favor of Canada's most respected director, John Hirsch. Although Hirsch had been an obvious choice during the most recent search, few believed that the board, hitherto as clueless as it was unyielding, would suddenly under and over to arrive with a director who, despite impeccable qualifications, was never even approached about the job in the first place.

Hirsch's appointment marks the return of an economic and controversial native son. Born in Hungary in 1930 and orphaned during the war, Hirsch was adopted by a family from Winnipeg, where in 1968 he co-founded the Manitoba Theatre Centre, the model for subsequent Canadian regional theatres. After his term with Jean Gosselin as successor to artistic director Michael Langham at Stratford in the late '60s, several years directing at New York's Lincoln Center, four years as head of CBC's dramas and several guest directorships in the U.S., Hirsch has established himself, in his own words, as "the elder statesman of American nonprofit theatre." Finally Stratford has sought him out, and, though nobody believes the years ahead will be easy, the festival has another chance to fulfil its primary founding goal—"to provide improved opportunities for Canadian artistic talent" and "advance the development of the arts of the theatre in Canada."

Shakespeare's hostile views of evil strike hard, making on the bloodstained that preceded Hirsch's appointment. Faced with the possibility that his major employer might shut down, even the citizens of Stratford, who have tended to take the festival for granted at the best of times, began to show some of the civic concern that concerned it in the first place. "It all began with the 1933 chicken plinkers' strike," recalls Tim Patterson, the festival's founder



Hirsch (above), his predecessor as artistic director (below, from left), Gattino, Langham, Gosselin and Phillips. "It all began with the 1933 chicken plinkers' strike."



"The town became the Cincinnati headquarters of Canada, industry wouldn't leave because of the adverse labor situation. As kids before the war we saw our town slowly dying and we wondered what we could do to revive it—that's when the idea of a Shakespeare festival started, because of the town's name." After the war Patterson mobilized the treasury, got the support of various financial bigwigs and arrived Tyrone Gattino as his first artistic director. When Alec Gosselin stepped on stage made an enormous tent as Richard III on July 12, 1963, Canada's most renowned theatrical institution

Shutting down as vital and successful as Stratford for any reason meant extinction, but this has been a good year for extreme—when that tent came of the grief was the power vacuum left by the resignation of artistic director Robin Phillips. A gifted but autocratic director with workaholic tenden-

ties, Phillips took on administrative duties formerly assigned to a general manager and his artistic affairs suffered as a consequence. When friction arose over delays in implementing Phillips' plans to establish both a winter base in Toronto and Stage One, a new head setting audio and media studios in Stratford, the board began taking his numerous resignations and refusals seriously. By mid-1979 they realized that a new director had to be found.

The interim search that followed would have been unnecessary if Phillips' successor had already been

well expressed about the directorate format, hopes that a new man might be inaugurated next June. For the fear that his resignation would be the board's choice all things were done, an interminably famous director currently with New York's Metropolitan Opera, whose admitted ignorance of Stratford and Canadian theatre is total, but he was not available. On Oct. 31 the board endorsed the directorate's proposed 1980 season by submitting a balanced budget to the Canada Council. That same day Dexter made it known to the board that he was now available for the job, and on

With Accurate Equity leading a boycott against the festival and immigrant Minister Lloyd Axworthy denying Dexter a work permit because the board had not looked hard enough for a Canadian director, the basic issue of how Stratford should be run was in danger of being dragged down the garden path of nationalism. Explained Equity spokesman Dan MacDonald, "We had no intention of making it a nationalist issue—we just felt that Stratford must be controlled by a director with some knowledge of theatre in this country. The board protested that an suitable

Stratford Festival



Paul Thériault, 1982 (below left) succeeded as Richard Rife in last production. Equity's MacDonald, former Patterson (below) worse than Shakespeare's, chief critic



Canadians had applied for the job after the dismissal of the directorate's Sears Hatt. "That was typical of their attitude. Only Canadians need apply—all others were asked."

At no time did the board publicly acknowledge that its treatment of the directorate was deplorable purely in human terms, thus reinforcing general opinion that the board cared nothing about the country's feelings and reputation and less about the aspirations of the community it represented. The backlash climaxed at an emotionally charged annual meeting of foundation members at the Festival Theatre in Dec. 6. In a watershed display of procedural manipulation, Hicks calmly defused all challenges to the board from

the audience of 900. After seven grueling hours the board rejected its own nominees with the aid of proxies (candidates not nominated by the board had not been allowed access to the members' list) at which point Manette leaped up yelling "You pig!" and denounced the board "We have made it theatre our whole life and you've turned it into a huge ball!" With many festival staff and company members openly weeping in anger and frustration, Hicks adjourned the meeting. At a press conference afterwards, the new board president, John Lawrence, visibly shaken an-

their money around. Similarly, the high-profit Dexter was to have been a suicide hedge against inflation. Businessmen's huge support (these assumptions, but no Manette) carried art at the meeting. "It's important to realize that art is not business." The festival balances its books with the aid of government grants, and the Canada Council has made a "Canadian first" policy a top priority in its allocation of grants. But before a multinational-dollar operation the Stratford can feel assured that such a policy—if it happens to lose money initially—will be ade-

Hirsch said, "More important than the loss of money, or even a season, is that this festering situation be confronted and healed." That will take time—may Stratford's future be more secure, they will never wash that for particular based again, despite Hicks' departure from the presidency at the Dec. 6 meeting and the election of Lawrence, a Stratford insurance executive who is considered a moderate. However, Hicks has underscored this feeling by stating explicitly that fundamental changes will have to be instituted in festival operations, both internally in board-employee relations and in the festival's relationship with its government sponsors, says Hirsch. "Theatres belong to the people who are accountable for them—we must restore the balance in the interests of the community and the theatrical profession."

It's quite possible that in hiring Hirsch the board might be paying lip service to the demands made by Equity and Axworthy, in Moon's words. "The board may have got the wrong man—If we just pick a Canadian it'll be all right." Certain aspects of the Hirsch myth could easily explain why he was initially no go for the board. His track record includes his outspoken support of a strong indigenous theatre, his difficult co-directing with Gasson during which he dared to dissent against Hirsch's Culture in the Dark (now considered a Canadian classic) and staged a musical version of *Shylock* employing black actors for the first time at the festival, and his self-described "grandiose style."

Hirsch has made his confidence in getting the job absolutely clear, stressing particularly the need for adequately training co-workers and associates ("A man who anything is not suited to a South American republic," he proclaimed). However, the board's choice could be genuine. Given Hirsch's contractual commitment to the Seattle Repertory Company, until next July, the board could have gone back to Axworthy claiming that no candidate could be found to first priority for the job availability. But the board served this criterion and, although Hirsch cannot take control of Stratford until 1982, the board will accept him as casual director for an interim 1981 season.

The board has heard strong voices speak, voices destined to make Stratford, in Hirsch's words, "the apex of Canadian theatre experience." He recalls leaving the festival in 1969 to direct at the Lincoln Center. "One of the reasons people don't want to go to Stratford is because I left it to them—not just skills but attitudes." The board of governors at the Stratford Festival may have had a change of attitude welcome home, John Hirsch.



Contentious Dec. 6 annual meeting, (below right) Manette after audience Dexter now to lead the awards



noticed that a member led by Toronto lawyer and newly elected board member John Porter would reverse the search for a Canadian director, a search that finally ended last week with Hirsch's appointment. Although the board's relation from artistic realities has been measurable, its concern for the festival's financial viability is not just but businessmen's persons. Like other theatres across Canada, Stratford is experiencing escalating costs, in the face of inadequate government subsidies, these can only be met by boosting ticket prices, expanding audiences and working harder at fund-raising. The festival's wanted 1980 surplus, owed at maximum to justify the board's policies, was in fact entirely due to a substantial increase in ticket prices over 1979 and unexpectedly generous private donations. These wealthy did not address problems such as attendance, which has stagnated at about 550,000 but is expected to decline in proportion to rising gasoline prices, since 60 per cent of Stratford's audience arrives by car from the U.S. The board's policies have been to make Stratford more "accessible" by relying on unrelated stars like Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford to pack the houses and attract corporate donations. Says Hicks, "People will support a successful organization—they're not going to be



entirely recognized by government, a score wide-ranging and fairly established cultural policy is required. Of all the performing arts in Canada, theatre is in the most precarious position financially, and companies across the country have been scratching the Stratford fence closely for clues to future policy decisions. It remains to be seen whether the federal cultural policy review committee currently soliciting briefs will eventually submit proposals that might provide assurances that top-quality nonprofit organizations like Stratford are clearly for close to future policy decisions. To the board's credit, by appointing Hirsch it has taken the first tentative steps toward reconciliation with a deeply beleaguered theatre community, as



working with or under him at Stratford, learning how to handle them on the festival's notoriously difficult throat stage. Says Peter Moon, who was associate director at Stratford under Phillips from 1978 to 1980: "Most Canadian directors don't acquire that kind of experience. When they go to Stratford it's the throwing labels to them—Babe did I have time to bring these people in and work with them?" Phillips did at first make substantial efforts to bridge the gap between Stratford and the rest of the country by visiting theatres, introducing actors and moving in guest directors. But his own particular strengths in working with actors would make these good intentions, says Moon. "Babe's biggest talent is the wit—he really knows how to build productions around him." Richard Manette, a leading Canadian actor, agrees. "He's very sophisticated in his technique—the more you know about acting, the more you get from him." That these talents were reserved for the privileged—at the end of the 1979 season, 80 out of 96 company members chose not to return in 1980.

Despite its on again, off-again handling of the search, by late summer the board had stumbled upon a solution that proceeded to put Stratford out of its Rynatone addiction. Four Canadians—Paul Shurbit, Martha Henry, Ugo Koroza and Ross—were invited to save the festival all had directed there, were "responsive and open to the artistic community and, although doubts

O jog all ye faithful

There are new temples of worship when ego is king

By Allan Fotheringham

There was, the other morning, in the 26-below chill of Ottawa, the strange sight of a wind-swept, winter-jogger striding through the snow along the Rideau Canal. She leaped along at 2 m, disturbed only by other joggers who, grim-faced, padded along the icy paths. The paragon purpose of the joggers became even more obvious in winter, their faces wreathed in stocking masks—like athletic back robes—and they poled away, little champions of steam rising from each side into the frigid air. Joggers never smile. They never smile because they are out there not for their weight and their muscle tone but for a far more sinister reason. Joggers, this strange army of wind-swept, stoic, are the most profound worriers of all. They are the ones who are running for the war.

Those who shuffle along the snowy streets in the small hours of the morning and the deathly quiet of night feel that the darker holocaust is imminent. They know that smiling Ronald Reagan, whose wife has just "a tiny little man" that shoots tiny little holes, will be punitive when the hostages are finally released. They know, as they puff along with those forward grimaces and frozen lungs, that it's only a matter of time before another earth goes up in a bloom of intercontinental ballistics gone. Jogging is the response to their subliminal fear of war.

At this Christmas of 1980, the worship of the "ten generations" has taken on a new form. A look at the whole physical fitness craze indicates we have become a continent of self-worshippers. We are, in fact, now more concerned with our bodies than we are with our souls. Charles Adams and Horrie Hecher shall make you free.

In the days of sweet victory year, when God created Earth and man and Adam's troublesome rib, it was economically sound to the ruling classes to keep their peasants convinced that in heaven above, Fotheringham is a columnist for *Southam News*.

their just reward would be waiting. It was sedation on the installment plan. Death and its happy bliss would make up for a life that was nasty, brutish and short. Men's bodies, with all their excruciating, were backroom appendages, to be ignored if at all possible. The obedient masses played the fields or sat in factories, ignoring their lungs, their thighs and the cellulite on their, and got on with the greater good of profits for a few.

It was that mischievous Marx, of



course, who saw no humor in the scheme and decreed that religion, that pin-in-the-sky dividend, was to be junked in return for more immediate rewards. Marx did not believe in the installment plan, or even *Chances*, and—inevitably—set us on the road to Adhara.

The advertising industry is the wretched vane of a society devoted to conspicuous consumption. South shivers one year, Lenin the next, the vices of the advertising world are over top to the changing scents of the money-making scene. It has devised a way to hook the masses on another opiate, saw that religion has fallen upon gravely times. It is the worship of self. An entire new world of gluttonous of one's own body and appetites has been unleashed a torrent of money and commissions and fees and profits undreamed of in the days of dark satanic mills. The more their satisfying financial ventures of convincing people to spend long hours studying themselves in the mirror have

created the fabulous new industry of indulgence. Ego is the new king.

The task (as any man) is to convince the masses to manure, powder and dirt themselves into Meowres, Barfords and Redfords. The new temples of worship are the hand-sanding salons, the saunas, the massage parlors. The fascination has been followed by the breast-lift and now the bum lift. If the Prince of Peace were with us today, he would have to drive the money changers out of the hot table. It is the first society where fashion photographers become celebrities in their own right, famous for showcasing the new coats in glossy color. Vogue is the Bible, to be treasured, passed hand to hand and studied in a place of honor on the new pulpit: the glass-and-steel coffee table.

Whales, the most sophisticated beasts known to man, are in danger of being wiped out—for the greater glory of the nation's manufacturers who seem to be the sole heavy support of the women's magazine business. The newest wonder of modern vanity, makeup for men, is the Swedish

of an industry that depends for its being on the brushing, polishing and sweeping of that fragile entity, the obsession with self. Listen to the evidence of the new opiate of the masses of the white cliffs and the swimming pools at any party or coffee break. It is talk about the body, its weaknesses and its potential for submitting to more abuse at 7 a.m. with the temperature at 30°C. The soul languishes ignored. In a day when the office boy has his hair styled and the president leaves his office at lunch in his fashion-designer jogging suit, to restore sanity and full of self-righteousness, self rules the world. The sale of mirrors is an indisputable growth industry.

And in the Nativity of the 1980s is born. For the Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, he maketh me to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. For when I get to heaven my place is reserved only if I can lose that extra 15 lb. around my middle.



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